THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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An Illustrated Weekly Magazine Founded A.D. 1728 by Benjamin Franklin

A Girl of the Latin Quarter

By Lloyd Osbourne

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

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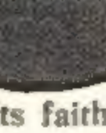

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The Unknown Captains of Industry

Who They Are: What They Have Done: How They Did It

By Paul Latzke

WHEN the twentieth century fairy stories come to be written they will be located, not in the moonlit dell, where the snow-lilies rear their diamond-dewed heads, nor on the sands by the sea, where the pearls and shells lie glistening; not in the palace of the Turk, nor in the grove of the Orient, but in the Wonder City of the New World. The chronicler will relate that on a little, narrow island known as Manhattan, because of the wild men that once owned it, there was a wide avenue, called the Fifth, because it lay in this order from the broad river that washed the island on the east. Where this avenue crossed a street, denominated Forty-fourth, there stood a magic house called Sherry's, and here the scene is laid. Here came the Captains of Industry to hold their revels in honor of a Prince of the Teutons, Henry of Prussia, who had come across seas.

The Prince was a harmless, useless enough individual, and there was no special reason why the Captains of Industry should have assembled in his honor. There were a hundred of them, and any one of the number had accomplished much more than the Prince and was of much greater importance. But the Prince was a stranger, and the Captains, having the hospitality of their race, made much of him. They assembled in a room where the air lay heavy with the perfume of thousands of flowers, fresh cut, where the walls were hung with priceless tapestries, where the ceiling was ornate with the work of great painters in fresco, and the floor covered with a carpet so thick and soft that a giant's footfall would have been lost in its velvet.

But, after all, it was not the scene, but the company, that constituted the great wonder, the hundred Captains of Industry. To the untaught eye they were simply a company of plain gentlemen in nowise distinguished from their fellows who filled the streets and avenues outside. But to those who knew they were a class apart, Knights of Industry, greater by far than any or all the Knights of the Round Table; magicians whose exploits were more marvelous than anything wrought by the lamp of Aladdin; soldiers of peace, whose victories were as mountains compared with the hills of the greatest soldiers of war. They had touched the earth here and there, and under their hands had grown up great cities, vast enterprises, new forces, rivers of gold and oceans of silver. They had furnished material for a hundred thousand Arabian Nights instead of one. They had brought wealth beside which the mines of Golconda were mere child's play.

Here sat one whose works produced each year in shining steel five hundred million dollars, nearly twice as much as the total amount of gold burrowed each year by man out of the bowels of the earth. Another had wrought in alchemy until he had created what Nature herself had failed to accomplish, a product as hard as diamonds and far more valuable to the welfare of man. A third had spanned continents with webs of travel over which hundreds of millions had sped the year before. A fourth had turned night into day by means of glistening light-points. A fifth had harnessed Nature until, at one point alone, she did the work for him of a million horses. A sixth had put out through his works during the preceding twelvemonth a million machines to sew for the women of the world, and ten million needles for their use. And so on. They had each performed feats that in the days of the old magicians and fairies would have been deemed absurdly impossible. Jointly, they had made history that waits only the coming of a true master to be preserved in such tales as will make the lore studied by the children of to-day seem tame and commonplace.

Of some of the Captains who sat in that room nothing remains to be written. The light of publicity has beaten on them so fiercely that a chronicle exists, not alone of the great works they accomplished and the method of their accomplishment, but of the very things they ate and drank and wore in the seclusion of their homes. In this class were Charles M. Schwab, George J. Gould, E. H. Harriman, Alexander Graham Bell, the father of the telephone; Thomas A. Edison, Henry O. Havemeyer, the dean of the sugar industry; John D. Rockefeller, Henry H. Rogers, and a score or more of others whose movements the newspapers follow as carefully and as exactly as they do those of the President of the United States himself. But there were others, of the majority of whom the general public never heard. And that is the amazing part of it, for in this class of unknown were men who had created out of nothing enterprises employing thousands upon thousands, and enriching the world with products that bring in each year more than would ransom a kingdom.

The Inventor of Carborundum

MR. E. G. ACHESON

WHO, outside of a very limited circle, has ever heard of Edward G. Acheson, the inventor of "carborundum"? And who among ordinary laymen would dream that carborundum is fairly entitled to be called an epoch-making product? Yet it is so put down by the engineers of the world. Who knows what carborundum is? Probably not one-tenth of one per cent. of the people. Yet there is practically no division of human life in which this product does not figure to-day in one form or another. It is the greatest abrasive ever known, and is used alike for the polishing of the egg-cup that comes on the breakfast-table, and the shaping of the piston of the great engine that drives the ocean greyhound across seas. It hones the razor, and puts an edge on the sword. It polishes the diamond, and points the tool that punches rivet-holes in the armor of the great battleship. It polishes the shoe-sole and the kid glove, and smoothes down the angles of the great telescope lens.

A few years ago the man who is now, at the age of forty-six, rich and famous through his work as the inventor of this remarkable product, was penniless and almost broken in spirit. He had served for six years under Edison in this country and Europe, and had mastered the science of electricity. The problem of converting heat directly into electrical energy had always fascinated him, and in 1889 he sacrificed everything to devote himself to its solution. Within the space of twenty-four months he had lost in this work the results of seventeen years of unremitting labor.

He had also demonstrated to his own satisfaction that the thing could not be done, at least by himself, and, being a practical man, he cast about for something else that was more promising.

After looking the situation squarely in the face, he had about made up his mind to give up original research and look once more for a salaried position, when suddenly he remembered, as if by inspiration, a little incident that had happened while he was experimenting at the Edison laboratory. In this institution all sorts of queer formations are constantly coming to the surface as by-products. Mr. Acheson recalled that on one occasion, when they were fusing some clay and carbon, a substance harder than anything ever secured in the laboratory had resulted. He knew the tremendous value to the industrial world of emery, corundum and other abrasive materials, and he concluded that here, if he could only reproduce the stuff formed in the Edison workshop, he might make a fortune. Carborundum was the result. It was a long, uphill struggle for several years after he started on this new line, but his energy told in the end. A company was formed to establish works at Monongahela City, in Pennsylvania, and then at Niagara Falls. A startling illustration of the value of Mr. Acheson's work is furnished by the fact that the first sale of carborundum consisted of a consignment of two hundred carats at thirty cents a carat, or over $550 a pound. By improving the process it is now possible to market the abrasive at ten cents a pound in the rough. Every manufacturing country in the world uses the material. The market for it was enormously increased recently by the discovery that, fused with ordinary steel, it adds very materially to its strength.

Carborundum is made by fusing sand, carbon, sawdust and salt in electric furnaces under tremendous heat. As a by-product, the company secured last year a million and a half pounds of pure graphite, which heretofore has been found only in Nature. This alone may be regarded as an extraordinary achievement.

MR. CHAS. M. HALL

ANOTHER of the Captains who has founded a great new industry within the past few years is Charles M. Hall, father of commercial aluminum. Mr. Hall was attending lectures in chemistry in Oberlin College in Ohio, in 1885, when his special interest was aroused one day by a statement of the professor.

"Aluminum," said that gentleman, "is found more plentifully in Nature than any other known mineral. It has in it qualities, such as lightness, durability and strength, that would make it invaluable to man if it could be extracted on a commercial basis. Unfortunately, thousands have tried and none have ever succeeded in perfecting a process by which aluminum may be obtained except at enormous cost. It is as though we had a mine of pure gold at our feet, but were unable to get through the crust of earth separating us from it."

Mr. Hall is an Ohio boy, the son of a Congregational clergyman, and was born at Oberlin thirty-nine years ago. He has the peculiar Ohio habit of not taking anything for granted. "Because," he argued to himself that evening after the lecture, "nobody else has been able to obtain aluminum on a commercial basis, it does not follow by any means that I cannot do it."

In addition to chemistry, the young man had also studied electricity. Between these two sciences he finally worked out the problem. He graduated in the spring of 1885, and on July 9 of the following year he had advanced so far in his process that he made his application for patents. It is not the least remarkable thing about this young man that he covered the processes so thoroughly in his application that seven years later Judge Taft, now the Governor of the Philippines, then sitting in the United States Circuit Court, sustained all his claims, giving him an absolute monopoly on the production of aluminum on a commercial basis in this country.

But before this point had been reached there had been much hard and discouraging work for the young Oberlin graduate. He attempted to interest capitalists in his home town, in Cleveland, in Boston, and in other cities, but in vain. Finally, in August, 1888, he made his way to Pittsburg where he met Captain Alfred E. Hunt, a famous metallurgist and engineer. The Captain, like all the others to whom he had gone, was skeptical.

"If you could do what you claim, young man," he said, "you could make millions and not half try. The thing has been tried again and again, and has proven a failure commercially. It is not conceivable that where so many older and more experienced men have failed you should succeed."

Young Hall was used to this line of argument by this time, and instead of protesting against it simply said:

"Supposing I prove what I say, will you then interest yourself in the matter and help me organize a company?"

"I certainly will, and will be very glad to guarantee you shall have all the capital you need."

Mr. Hall stopped talking and got down to work. He demonstrated his ability to make good all the propositions he advanced, and so thoroughly that, from being a skeptic, Captain Hunt became the warmest sort of an enthusiast. He found the capital and accepted the presidency of the company that was formed to exploit the process. Mr. Hall was elected Vice-President and General Manager. The concern was called the Pittsburg Reduction Company, and the first experimental plant was built in Pittsburg. It was almost immediately a success. When Mr. Hall began, aluminum was selling at ten dollars a pound. It now sells for thirty-three cents.

The Captain of the Soda Industry

It is a characteristic of the Captains of Industry that they have followed closely the lines of usefulness laid down in the Bible, by making two blades of grass grow where there was only one before. Almost without exception, they gained their fame and riches through utilizing products that, until their advent, lay waste in Nature, and by literally producing something out of nothing, adding thereby thousands of millions to the wealth of the country.

William Browne Cogswell, who sat at the dinner to the Prince as the Captain of the Soda Industry, is a magnificent exemplification of this. Thanks to his indomitable energy and skill and learning, a part of the earth's crust lying in what is known as the Tully Valley, near Syracuse, New York, will be converted this year into 270,000 tons of soda ash, 36,000 tons of caustic soda, and 36,000 tons of bicarbonate of soda, yielding a revenue of $7,000,000.

Until his advent the land from which this vast wealth is drawn was useful only because its top layer produced an excellent variety of farm products.

Mr. Cogswell differs from many of the other Captains in that he did not achieve his great success until after he was fifty-five years old. He was born in Oswego in 1834 and was trained as a civil engineer. In 1874 he met Mr. Rowland Hazard, of Syracuse, owner of the Mine La Motte lead mines of Missouri, who induced him to take the management of those mines. This was Mr. Cogswell's first experience in this line of engineering work and led directly to his development of the vast properties which he now controls. He remained in Missouri for five years, and then, returning to Syracuse, became interested in the salt mines found in that vicinity. It occurred to him that as salt is the basis of all soda products, here was a field that might be enormously developed if it could but be managed. He went to Europe, studied the processes over there, and returning in 1881 interested his former employer, Mr. Hazard, in the project. As usual, success was slow work. Salt was salt to capital, and the proposition to make it into something else seemed peculiarly hazardous and harebrained.

"It's the simplest thing in the world," Mr. Cogswell assured the timorous men of money, "and an absolutely safe investment. It is done on a large scale in Europe and has proven immensely profitable."

After a while it was conceded that this might be so, and then came the other question: Where were new salt deposits of sufficient size to be found? Mr. Cogswell searched diligently and finally hit upon the Tully Valley. There, in 1888, after repeated borings, two veins of salt rock each about fifty feet thick were found at a depth of 1200 feet. That was the beginning of the great industry of the Solvay Process Company, so named because it employs the soda process of Solvay & Co., of Belgium.

Editor's Note—This is the first of several papers on this subject, by Mr. Latzke.

A Girl of the Latin Quarter

By LLOYD OSBOURNE

SHE was a wonderfully pretty girl, with frank, wide eyes and the figure of a Hebe; one of those glorious Americans who seem to bring with them to Europe a breath of their own freer air, and who shame, with their freshness, spirit and beauty, the duller faces of an older world. Leslie Van Zant was twenty-four and had been in Paris two years studying sculpture in the studio of Hubert Falque. She was an only child, and had controlled with an iron hand the destinies of that elderly couple, her parents, ever since she had been old enough to speak. When she announced her intention to go abroad they had never thought to check her purpose. Her mother tried only to keep back her tears; and her father, who was a wealthy man, asked her respectfully whether three hundred dollars a month would be a sufficient allowance.

In some ways this allowance of Leslie's proved an unexpected burden. She hid it from her comrades as she might a family scandal, conscious that it would interpose a barrier between herself and her more struggling sisters. A rich art student! The thought was intolerable. It would make her an outsider at once and keep her one. Leslie used to sneak off to Paquin's with some cheap stuff, bought in the Latin Quarter, and have it made up by the best *couturière* in Paris; and she was not above saying it was her own work, too, and taking credit for a dress that perhaps cost her five or six hundred francs. In the same way she had the effrontery to wear hats that similarly shrank in value, and was an adept in making new shoes look slightly shabby. Had she devoted half as much attention to art as she did to this make-believe she would have done better in the studios.

But though she worked hard, and genuinely believed herself in earnest, it was not really art that had brought her to Paris, nor was it the divine call that kept her there. What she loved was the life, the disregard of all appearances, the exaggerated Bohemianism that foreigners bring to Paris but seldom find there. As modest and sweet a girl as ever lived, she took a strange pleasure in doing things that got her talked about; in audacities that took her comrades by storm; in a wild and outspoken defiance of accepted canons and proprieties. In her simplicity (for with all her knowledge of the world she was simple) she was following out her ideal, transfiguring the squalor, the tinsel, the fictitious gayety, the coarse, brutal, unashamed vice of the Quarter, into the sort of fairyland she had dreamed it to be in the Western town where she had been born.

With the spring of her third year in Paris she felt a sudden longing for the country. A holiday alone was not enough. She wanted an entire summer among trees and flowers and running water; she wanted to work as well as to play; to try at last something of her own; to show *le maître* that she was getting beyond his leading-strings. She had in mind a group of two figures that would astonish *le maître;* it was as clear in her head as though it were already accomplished; bold, simple, masterly, with strong peasant figures and a sense of the out-of-doors. Perhaps, indeed, it might astonish others beside *le maître!* So she packed up, notified the *concièrge* of her new address, and took the train to Morny, where there were already a number of her friends established for the summer.

Leslie found an old stable that could very easily be converted into a studio; indeed, it had been originally built for the very purpose by Lehr, the sculptor, before he had grown famous and had shaken the dust of Morny from his aspiring feet. Leslie turned out the hay and fodder, engaged a boy to wash the floor, and forthwith installed herself, together with some old armor, some tapestries, an afternoon tea-service, an American flag and three tons of wet clay. Here she spent her mornings transforming a stocky young farmhand and his strapping wife into what was destined for the perpetuity of bronze. Far from the sardonic eyes of Hubert Falque, Leslie felt herself free at last to show the result of two years' hard work in the atelier, and found a rebellious joy in her newly acquired independence. She was thoroughly determined, besides, not only to convince others but to convince herself of the talent whose hidden flame burned so fiercely within her breast.

This group, done in heroic size, was to be a sort of vindication of her chosen career; it was to be a bridge, carrying her across the gulf that divides the student from the finished artist. She brought tremendous enthusiasm to her work, and the sweet country air, blown through her open windows, gave her daily a fresh zest and a renewed courage as she labored morning after morning. Her afternoons she gave over to holiday-making and idleness, in walks and rambles and long hours on the river; and her evenings to the animated talks that followed dinner, when the whole company of the inn, after a day more or less solitary, gathered comfortably together about the long table. They were nearly all English and Americans, for Morny had no vogue among the French, and with but one exception were students or artists like herself. The men for the most part fell straightway in love with her, and she, coquette that she was, had no hesitation in carrying on several flirtations at once. Indeed, that summer was long remembered as the most disturbed and quarrelsome ever known at Morny, and any one who would have cared to *chercher la femme* would have had little trouble in discovering Leslie Van Zant. In fact, with her beauty, her recklessness, her gay and laughing acceptance of every one's devotion, she set all the men by the ears and drove the other women to frenzy.

The only outsider in this happy family of the arts was de Broussard, the French engineer. He was a very quiet, gentlemanly man of about forty, rather tall and fine-looking, who was overseeing the construction of the new aqueduct at Montcour, a little village about a mile and half distant from Morny. He had the charming manners of a well-bred Frenchman, and the four years he had spent in American workshops had not only given him a ready knowledge of English, but a sort of American alertness that attracted Leslie's attention from the first. Of course, among the artists he was voted a Philistine, and as he made no attempt to cultivate them, nor they him, he sat at their table a comparative stranger.

Leslie had been a month in Morny before she even spoke to him, though she had grown to like his face, with its look of power and intelligence, long before a chance stroll of hers brought about their acquaintance. She was in the habit of rising at six and taking a brisk walk before her eight o'clock breakfast; and on one of these occasions she happened to find herself near Montcour where de Broussard's aqueduct was in progress. Her American blood responded at a sight so stirring; at the steam digger, hissing and thumping with ponderous ferocity, the rushing tramways heaped with débris, the unending file of country carts, the mountains of iron and material, the hundreds of busy men, the mast-high pillars of steel, clanging with hammers and dizzily supporting long-armed derricks, the whole ordered and disciplined animation of an important engineering enterprise. She was impressed to see de Broussard, whom she remembered as so inconspicuous a figure at the inn table, moving here and there in the confusion, calm, masterful and smiling as he gave orders and received reports, his watchful eyes allowing nothing to escape him as he made his rounds. She trembled when he jumped on a rising spar of steel, bound with rusty chain, and nonchalantly signaled with his hand to the donkeyman above;

and she held her breath as he mounted in the air, until finally, a mere dwarf against the azure, he stepped out on the crazy scaffolding at the top.

When he came down again, this time with his feet in a giant iron hook, Leslie was there to meet him and wish him good-morning. He bowed, talked a little about the weather and his work, and learning that she was going back to Morny for breakfast begged permission to accompany her. This was the beginning of a strange friendship between the pair and the first of their homeward walks together. Every morning after that Leslie made her way to the aqueduct and hung about until the engineer was ready to return with her. De Broussard made no attempt to see her at any other time, and even in his conversation was careful to keep on general and impersonal topics. He let it be understood, though she was at a loss to know exactly how, that he was to be regarded as a mere acquaintance.

Accustomed as she was to winning the outspoken devotion of men Leslie was piqued by his apparent indifference. It seemed a kind of slight to her beauty and attractiveness that the engineer was so content to leave matters as they began and make no use of those dewy mornings to push his suit. She was unaccustomed to men who had no suits to push, and who could throw away such exceptional opportunities as she offered him daily. She would sometimes look at her charming face in the glass and wonder what he failed to find there. "There must be another woman," she would say to herself.

She found it very hard to draw him out about himself, but little by little she extorted something of his history. He had been born to money and position. At twenty-eight the death of a certain person (he let it be inferred that the person was a woman) had made him look at the world with fresh eyes. His own sorrow, he said, had revealed to him the sorrows of others. He perceived that the social fabric was out of gear, that it was founded on suffering and misery, that much of it, that most of it, was remediable. He determined to do something himself, to attempt to stem the universal callousness and selfishness, to denounce, as best he might, the triumphant materialism of the age. He talked and wrote and lectured, and was called a madman for his pains. He went among the poor, to raise once more if possible the standard of idealism in France; to preach a new religion on the ashes of the old; to tell of that new life, so real to himself, which it was within the power of the humblest to lead. One day, declaiming to a crowd of gaping factory operatives, a derisive old man had taken him to task. "Who are you to lecture us?" he shouted. "Who are you to teach us how to live; to call us names; to tell us to be content on three francs a day—you whose clothes were bought with dead men's money; you who would starve to death if you were turned out of your dead man's house to-morrow?"

"I perceived all at once," said de Broussard, "that to reform others one must first reform one's self; not by words alone, but by the sterner measure of acts. I shook the old fellow's hand; I told him, before them all, that he was right; I apologized for my presumption. 'Yes,' I said, 'a man must earn the right to live before he preaches. I will come back to you when I am worthy.'"

He was twenty-nine when he took up the study of engineering. He was thirty-two when he went to America for four years' practical work. He was now forty-one and already a man of some mark in his profession. With increasing years he had grown humble and realized that the reach of one man's arm is short indeed.

"Perhaps I serve my cause best by building good bridges," he said, "and leading an honest life before my men."

One morning Leslie brought him to her studio and took off the wet sheets that enveloped her group and kept the clay from cracking.

"I have seen your work," she said. "Now you must see mine."

De Broussard studied the figures with attention. He moved away so as to get fresh effects of light and shadow. He came close and narrowly examined the modeling. All this without a word, while Leslie stood by and waited, with a singular breathlessness, for his unspoken verdict.

"It is charming," he said at last.

She made a little *moue* of annoyance.

"Charming!" she protested. "Say it is good or bad; weak or strong—but——"

"You would not like me to be frank," he said.

"Are we not good enough friends for that?" she asked.

"After all, I am no judge," he said.

"You do not like it?" she asked.

He shook his head.

She went to the window and looked out.

"Tell me what's bad in it," she said, turning.

He raised his hand appealingly.

"Perhaps you know nothing about art," she said.

"I know only one thing," he said, looking at her very earnestly; "in art there is no place for mediocrity. One must be a great artist or be nothing. One must feel the divine fire—or——"

"Sometimes I think I feel it," she said.

"I told you I was no judge," he repeated.

"At heart you despise the whole lot of us," she broke out. "You are a Philistine through and through. You can appreciate success, but you cannot understand the steps that lead to success. You call us mediocrities because we are still learning, because we are always tumbling to the ground like unfledged birds, because we must grope behind the masters before we can ever dare be ourselves."

—HE SAW HER SWING THE THING ROUND HER PRETTY HEAD AND DASH HER WORK TO FRAGMENTS

"I am but a man of science," he returned. "I was taught to abhor waste. I think there's a use for every man and woman in the world; a better use, forgive me for saying it, than to paint bad pictures that nobody buys. The great artists! We are thankful for them. They are indeed the children of the Gods. But the poor artists, those with merely talent and not overmuch of that, the great army of the undistinguished—ah, Mademoiselle, they are the drones in our hive; they are the shirkers of society, whom, if I had my way, I would relentlessly put to work with pick and shovel."

"The fact is, you want everybody to build aqueducts."

"Frankly," continued de Broussard, "is there not in your America a better place for you than here? a better vocation than that of modeling misshapen rustics out of clay? a higher duty that you are violating every day you remain in France? Oh, Miss Van Zant, go back to your parents whose only child you are; go back to your own country that never needed more than now its best and noblest citizens; keep your little art for a distraction, but do not let it blind you to things more important and more peremptory."

Leslie began to drape the figures again with the sheets.

"Don't say another word," she said, "or, Monsieur de Broussard, I shall hate you."

After this, in their morning walks together, the subject of art was tacitly dropped. Leslie gave a good deal of thought, however, to what the engineer had said; and though rejecting the personal application she could not fail to see its justice in respect to many of her comrades. It did seem better to return at night with a colossal undertaking carried one step further toward completion than to bear, under one's arm, a sticky sketch of undeniable demerit. Without being aware of it herself she began to undergo a curious revulsion of mind. At night as they all sat about the *table d'hôte* she would find herself contrasting de Broussard's face—the face of a man accustomed to power, to decision, to an ennobling responsibility—with the mild, more or less weak, altogether unauthoritative countenances of her fellow-artists. The man of action appealed to the American in her; she felt an irresistible affinity with the doer, and with it a growing contempt for the mere dreamer; and the engineer, in spite of his middle age, his graying temples, his big nose, became for her by degrees the most striking figure in the room. Griswold, with his almost Greek features, Stanton, with his fine eyes and curly hair, Shayne, the athlete—they all seemed to pale in the half unconscious comparison she was now so constantly making.

One Sunday morning, as Leslie and de Broussard happened to be drinking their coffee together in the arbor, he asked her if she would care to go to church with him.

"Church!" she exclaimed.

"It's nothing very much," he said. "No incense, no stained-glass windows, no music. Nothing, Mademoiselle, but rows of white cots with little helpless children lying in them."

"A hospital!" she cried.

The engineer nodded.

"That is my church," he said.

"I don't know that one could find a better," said the girl, looking at him with curious intensity.

"Tenderness and compassion," said de Broussard; "those are the two great lessons."

"I should be glad to go," she said.

She fully expected the engineer would engage an open carriage for their little adventure, and was surprised, as she ran downstairs after making some trifling alteration in her toilette, to find him holding open the door of the lumbering omnibus that made daily trips between Morny and Fontainebleau. She concealed her disappointment, however, and squeezed in with him amid the peasant women and farmers that crowded the vehicle. It was a beautiful morning, and the road, after they reached the forest, afforded them on either side wonderful glimpses of woodland and rock which atoned in some measure for the discomfort of the omnibus. De Broussard, usually so reserved and silent, seemed quite a different man in that jovial company of peasants. He joked; he paid compliments; he had a mock altercation with the driver that convulsed every one. It became increasingly plain to Leslie that the engineer, however unimportant at the painters' table, was a very great personage indeed in the countryside itself; and it caused her a little pang to find she must needs divide her admiration for him with so many. Indeed, he had never seemed so charming to her, never so gay, so engaging, so distinguished even, as in that crawling omnibus with all its homespun occupants hanging on his words. He held them up shamelessly for his sick children; he took eggs, butter, plums and pennies indiscriminately from them all; he excelled in those little audacities that go to win the hearts of rude or common people, once even stopping the vehicle and calmly keeping every one waiting while he gathered an armful of ferns.

When, at last, Leslie and he were dropped in the main street of Fontainebleau there was an affecting farewell all round. The lady with the eggs went six better than she had promised; the driver brought up four sous from the reluctant depths of his trousers; the snuffy old gentleman in the stock and chocolate-colored coat, who had obdurately held out to the very end, produced, amid acclamation, a dead rabbit from a bag.

"This is not for the church," explained the snuffy old gentleman, "but for yourself, Mister the Engineer, to give according to the dictates of your noble and well-doing heart."

Laden down with ferns, bracken and contributions, de Broussard smilingly led Leslie into a *pâtisserie* where he laid

out ten francs of his own in cakes and candies. Then, calling a *fiacre*, they drove off together to the hospital of the Franciscan Sisters.

Leslie had never been in a hospital before. She expected to see unpleasant sights; to be repelled and shocked at every turn; to have her nerves jangled and her heart tortured by scenes of suffering and pain. Instead, on the contrary, as she passed with de Broussard from bed to bed, down the long, white-walled, brilliantly sunny rooms, she was surprised to find most of the children happy and not particularly unlike the other little ones outside. There were some, of course, whose wan, wild, frightened faces brought the tears to her eyes; some, in splints or straps, or showing beneath the bedclothes the outlines of mysterious frameworks that caused her to catch her breath as she stood beside them. But on the whole, deeply moved though she was, it was by a subtler emotion than the one she had counted on to feel. She was watching, not only the children, but her friend the engineer; and it was he, as much as the children, that evoked those singular sensations in her breast. The man's gentleness and kindness; his memory for the names of all these little people; the winning, gracious, tender manner he had for them all, stirred her with an inexpressible admiration.

"Monsieur," said a little fellow, "I have been waiting for you so long to ask about Ninette. They won't tell me if she's dead, Monsieur."

De Broussard looked up and caught the warning glance of the Sister.

"No," he said with his eyes shining. "She grew well and I took her home to live with me."

"I am so content," said the little boy, looking reproachfully at the Sister.

"When was it?" asked de Broussard, as they passed into a corridor.

"Tuesday night, Monsieur."

"Did she suffer much?"

"No, Monsieur."

"I told you to send for me at the crisis."

"Ah, Monsieur, it was so sudden. She died holding the doll you gave her in her arms."

Outside the hospital gate they decided to walk through the forest and pick up a trap at Gaston's.

"Or possibly the omnibus on its return," said de Broussard.

Leslie laughed.

"Omnibus!" she exclaimed. "No thank you—no more omnibus!"

"It would accord better with *les convenances*," he said.

"I never consider those things," she returned.

"Possibly not enough," he said.

"Sometimes I can scarcely believe you are a Frenchman at all," she observed.

"Why not?" he asked.

"Well, for one thing you are such a prig," she said cruelly.

"You think I neglect my opportunities, perhaps," he said.

"You are the only man I know that doesn't admire me," she said.

"Oh, Mademoiselle!" he exclaimed; "permit me to say you are mistaken."

"You say that for politeness," she said.

"No, no!" he protested.

"Don't you care for women?" she asked. "Don't you ever mean to marry?"

"It's a man's duty to marry," he returned.

"Duty!" she cried scornfully. "You are really intolerable with your duty, duty, duty!"

"At least I am not rude," he said.

"You mean I am," she broke out. "Well, you deserve it; you want humanizing; you need to be knocked off your pedestal and taught that you are only a poor mortal like the rest of us. Your salvation would be to fall desperately in love, and I only wish I might be there to clap my hands."

"Do you know, Mademoiselle," he said, "I am very much in love?"

"I should never have suspected it," she said.

"But I am," he said.

She looked at him wistfully.

"Now clap your hands," he said.

"No, Monsieur de Broussard," she returned, "I like you well enough to feel—to feel just a little sorry."

"Why, you said just the contrary a moment ago," he said.

"I meant in love with me," she said smiling; "not in love with somebody else."

"It was you I meant," he said simply.

They walked on in silence. She drew imperceptibly closer to him, so that once or twice their hands touched. They were by this time in the forest, and the long, white, level road, overhung by trees, was theirs alone. She waited with a suffocating impatience for him to speak; but the engineer, grave and preoccupied, moved steadily at her side without a word.

At last, when they had covered perhaps a mile, he made some trivial remark about the hospital.

Presently the conversation died away again.

"Monsieur de Broussard," she said, beginning again in a voice she tried hard to make calm and undisturbed, "you have said either too much or too little."

"Too much," he returned. "Please forget it."

"Of course you are the best judge of that," she said.

There was another prolonged silence.

"I suppose it's unladylike and dreadful, and you'll be perfectly shocked and all that," she said, "but really, I cannot let the thing drop like this. I cannot but feel a sort of implication that I am not worthy of your—your regard, Monsieur de Broussard."

"That is it," he said. "You are not worthy."

For a moment she was stunned.

"Please tell me in what way," she asked, too deeply wounded to resent his words.

"Oh, Mademoiselle!" he exclaimed. "Spare me so ungracious a task."

"No, no," she cried. "You owe it to me to tell me; as a man of honor you must tell me; the worst criminal is at least told his crimes."

"It is scarcely my business to tell you yours," said de Broussard.

She caught his hand and held it in both her own.

"Monsieur," she said, "you have no right to torment me; to hint at things I know nothing of; to condemn me without a word. I am only a woman, but for once I will try and act like a man; I shall try and listen to you with patience; I shall try to defend myself from what I am sure must be a misconception."

"You put me in a cruel position," he said.

"Cruel!" she cried out. "What is mine then?"

He made a gesture of despair.

"I insist," she said.

"Mademoiselle," he said slowly, "it is now three months since we have known each other at the inn. During that time do you think I have not had many opportunities of watching your conduct—and watching it all the more narrowly as a man whose heart was very deeply engaged?"

"Engaged, fiddlesticks," she interrupted.

"You are, to put it brutally," continued de Broussard, "a flirt and a coquette. Not a man comes but you try to dazzle him; not a man comes but you are displeased if he is not instantly at your feet. You misuse your beauty and shame your delicacy and refinement by those indiscriminate affairs. You are unworthy of the affection of a straightforward and honorable man, and I count it a great misfortune to myself to have met and loved you."

Leslie listened with scarlet cheeks to this indictment of her conduct. Her softer mood gave way to a furious anger. Affronted to the quick, humiliated, degraded in her own eyes by these unexpected accusations, she scorned to make the least reply or to attempt in any way to defend herself. With her head in the air and her heart beating until it almost burst she maintained an unbroken silence, while de Broussard, the picture of dejection, kept step beside her and stared hopelessly before him. In this manner, without so much as a single word passing between them, they walked the three miles that divided them from Morny, and arrived at last at the inn, where with a stiff bow on either side they separated, each in the belief that it was for ever.

They were not, as it appeared later, the only ones of the inn company who had been fated that day to undergo unusual experiences. Griswold, Haldane, Cooper and Stanton, putting in the afternoon at Nemours, thought to move public opinion in the right direction by staggering arm in arm down the main street shouting "*Vive Dreyfus!*" at the top of their voices. The effect of this on Nemours was unprecedented. Its infuriated citizens, hurrying out of restaurants and *brasseries*, and bearing the nearest weapons that came to hand, a carafe, a chair, a broom-handle or the nearest bottle, proceeded to engulf the painters in a mob so resentful and ferocious that it took the entire police force, reinforced by the *pompiers*, to restore the merest semblance of order. Even then, so volcanic was the temper of the populace that the painters were immured in a whitewashed dungeon for several hours, and had their hurts dressed by the municipal surgeon while their names, chest-measurements, nationality, length of noses, height, width between the eyes, color of complexion, shape of chin, weight and moles (if any) were entered in a Bertillon register, while all Nemours beat against the bars and shouted for their blood. At dusk they were ingloriously returned under escort to tell at the dinner-table the story of their wrongs, and to show, amidst universal sympathy, the bandaged wounds so honorably won in the cause of justice.

At first, out of deference for de Broussard, the four heroes showed some moderation in their remarks. Cooper went so far as to admit the possible unwisdom of their action, and with his eyes on the engineer paid a perfunctory compliment to the exertions of the police. But as the dinner proceeded and bottles began to empty the matter began to assume an international importance, and the French in general were unsparingly abused. Fleets were talked of; the days of '70 were gloatingly recalled; there were threats of outraged Ambassadors leaving their outraged posts.

"France!" vociferated Griswold, in the voice of a bull. "France: a nation of cowards! France: a nation of degenerates! France: cankered with corruption, sapped with habsinthe, perishing in the throes of hinfamous vices! France: bad heart, bad books, bad plays, bad women! There in four words is this pariah of the nations, where one cannot so much as cry *Vive Dreyfus* in a market town without causing a bloody revolution!"

Griswold wiped his black eye with his napkin, swallowed another glass of wine, and continued:

"Did you ever know a Frenchman who was half-way honest? Did you ever know a Frenchwoman——"

Before he could finish de Broussard rose quietly from his chair and rapped warningly with his hand against the table. There was an instant silence. Griswold, tipsy and defiant, glared at the engineer, and squared his brawny shoulders.

"Monsieur Griswold," said de Broussard, coolly and softly; "might I remind you there is a Frenchman sitting in your midst?"

"Well, it's the truth," Griswold blurted out.

"Will you not, then, withdraw those very offensive remarks about my country?" demanded the engineer.

"No," said Griswold.

"Nor apologize?" continued de Broussard.

"No bloody fear," said Griswold.

De Broussard looked about the table.

"I have been among you here for nearly three months," he said, addressing the whole company. "I cannot recall that I have ever been neglectful or at fault in any of the petty amenities of intercourse; I have always comported myself, I believe, as befits a gentleman and a man of honor; I think no one, not even Mr. Griswold, could accuse me of an undue readiness to take offense."

He stopped, looked round the table again and waited apparently for an anwser.

"Of course I cannot remain here," he went on, "if there are not some of you to take my part; if there are not some to ask me to remain; if there are not some to accord the expression of regret that Mr. Griswold withholds."

His eyes rested on Leslie's face.

"Have I not a single friend here?" he asked with a curious break in his voice.

Leslie made no sign as her glance met his in a prolonged stare, her beautiful face betraying nothing but disdain, and wearing an expression at once mocking and contemptuous.

"I thought at least there might be one," said the engineer.

At this moment little Miss Tessie, a plain, shy, middle-aged animal-painter who sat next to Leslie, and who had been fidgeting and turning in her seat, suddenly attempted to rise and speak. Even as she did so Leslie caught her round the waist and forced her back.

"Sit down!" she exclaimed in a voice clearly audible round the entire table. "Sit down, I tell you. We don't want the Frenchman here!"

De Broussard changed color, laid down his napkin, pushed his chair to one side and left the room.

This was his last appearance in the big *salle-à-manger*. After that night he took his meals apart in a little room opening off the courtyard, where sometimes Leslie would catch a glimpse of him sitting solitary with a book or an open portfolio of engineering plans. She cut Griswold dead and never spoke to him again, going back, with a kind of passionate exaltation, to a life almost as lonely as de Broussard's own. Her group, under the influence of a redoubled activity, began at last to approach completion; and she found in this feverish devotion to her work a solace for the unacknowledged ache in her heart. The group, too, seemed to be better than she had ever hoped to make it; she felt by fine degrees that sense of power which is the most exquisite sensation of the creative artist; she would even forget de Broussard for a whole morning at a time as she stood in her blouse before the wet clay, glowing with inner fires.

As formerly, she took her early walks before the household was astir or rowed by herself on the placid river. Again and again, with shy precautions against a rencounter, she would appproach the aqueduct by lanes or meadow paths, and watch from afar, with a strange jealousy, the course of its animated progress. It was now wholly spanned, and the great spidery fabric of steel and stone, rising above the busy disorder at its feet, was undergoing the secondary and concluding stages of construction. From the vantage of an overlooking hill Leslie would often see the engineer on his round of inspection as he trod the scaffoldings with the fearlessness of a seaman. She would crush herself down in the deep, damp grass with a childish fear that he might detect her presence, and would wait in agony until he had descended again into safety. Then, giving him a long start, she would follow him back to the inn, flushed with shame and vowing that at any cost she would drive the thought of him from her head.

One evening as she happened to pass his door after dinner she was surprised to see him sitting at table with a stranger. She went at once to Madame Siron and was told that de Broussard was ordered away to an important Government commission in Madagascar. It was an affair of so urgent a nature that he was leaving Morny on the morrow and resigning the aqueduct to Monsieur Clut, the newcomer.

Madagascar!

"Mademoiselle is pale," said the old woman.

"A headache, that is all," said Leslie. Then she went upstairs, locked the door and cried herself to sleep.

It was a little after seven o'clock as she descended the dark stair and found herself in the village street. She crossed the bridge half way, and leaning over the parapet gazed down at the eddying current below the arches. She was in the throes of all sorts of indecisions; even her pride, the strongest rock

(Concluded on Page 13)

The New Rich of New York

By ALISTER BURFORD

IF YOU will take station any Sunday evening about the dinner hour on a certain Fifth Avenue corner, where there is an extremely fashionable restaurant, you will see draw up to the curb a brougham, which for sheer elegance outclasses anything in New York. Even if you know nothing about broughams, you will have no difficulty in fixing on this specimen as a gem of its kind. Its lines are perfect, and show the artist in every sweep and curve. Its panels glisten like mirrors and on them are crested monograms which might indicate the owner to be a Duke. The trimmings are of gold. I have it on the authority of an expert that the hand-wrought lamps alone represent an expenditure of not less than two thousand dollars. The brougham is drawn by a pair of bays whose every motion shows them to be of the highest blooded stock. They carry their harness as though it were built of satin ribbons and flower wreaths. On the box sit a coachman and groom who have "England" stamped all over them. Anything more superbly erect, anything more perfect than the fit of their liveries, has never been seen.

An obsequious flunky throws open the door, the footman is down and stands at attention, and the couple inside alight. The man comes first. He is in full evening regalia, and the fit and set of his clothes indicate that they are the product of a master tailor. But the man looks grotesque and out of place.

Over a face as hard as rocks a heavy mass of thick hair lies plastered just as close to the head as a liberal supply of hair oil can make it. His forehead is about two inches high, and under a pair of bushy eyebrows glisten two cunning, small, piglike eyes. A huge coal-black mustache is curled away fiercely from a coarse, sensual mouth. His lower jaw hangs like a prize-fighter's. His figure is short and squat, and of the generous proportions generally given by artists in the comic papers to the tough politician. His hands are as big as hams, and as they dangle at his sides, encased in white gloves, it seems as though their weight must pull the arms out of their sockets.

The Wife of the Grotesque Millionaire

Encased from head to foot in a carriage robe that must have cost several thousand dollars, there comes into view behind this man a woman who is his fit mate. Her hair is dressed in the latest fashion and her face is painted and powdered until not a fleck of the original skin is to be seen. But, for all the work of the decorators, she stands revealed a specimen of humanity as common and homely as one could hope to find. She, too, suggests the pig about the eyes. Her cheeks hang flabby and heavy, and later, when, inside the dining-room, she throws aside her wrap, her low-cut gown shows a pair of arms like a washerwoman's. Small, dumpy, fat, shapeless, despite all her lacing, hung about with great clusters of diamonds and other jewels, her fingers covered with rings, she looks like a caricature.

A few years ago, comparatively, he was a saloon-keeper. To-day he is a shining type of the "New Rich" element in New York. True, both he and his wife are pronounced types, even in this element. But they do not stand alone by any manner of means. In the course of an evening's stroll about the principal resorts one may find quite a number of couples who are almost if not quite as grotesque. This particular couple, however, are the most conspicuous because their wealth is the greatest and their expenditures the most lavish. It is commonly reported that the man is worth ten million dollars, practically all of it made in the last twenty years.

The Saloon-Keeper Who Made Ten Millions

His history is instructive as to the possibilities that exist in the metropolis for acquiring wealth. His saloon was in the Harlem district, which took on a great boom when the elevated roads were completed. Next door to his place a speculative contractor had bought a dozen lots and on them had proceeded to erect modern flats on a building loan. When they were finished he found that he had anticipated conditions somewhat. The people had begun to go uptown with the elevated, but they did not come with such rapidity as the interest on the loan demanded. He therefore failed, and the flats were sold under foreclosure. The saloon-keeper bought them in at a bargain, and the tide having by that time turned the block proved a rare investment. This stimulated him to go into the building business on his own account, and he did it with such success that in the course of a few years he owned or controlled whole acres of highly improved property. From uptown operations he went into real estate in the Wall Street district, and to-day owns several of the most important office buildings in that neighborhood. Everything he touched prospered under his hands, and he occupies a mansion in one of the fashionable side streets off Fifth Avenue, which is in thorough keeping with the size of his fortune.

RIDING ABOUT TOWN IN STYLE

The gyrations and struggles of these "New Rich" are one of the interesting things in New York these days. If a Thackeray or a Dickens could only be found to do them justice some interesting literature could be made. Fortunately, the great majority of the people who have made money in the metropolis are good, common-sense Americans, and make no effort to ape what is known as the "smart set." They realize that this set, "the 400," is on the whole a very useless and idle and silly institution. Though its members are undoubtedly well-bred and polished, and though there are some among them who are distinctly able men, the majority of the "smart set" are a lot of butterflies whose ambitions are so small and trivial that people of character and serious purpose are very well content to leave them alone. None of the really important men in the metropolis are to be found in "the 400," and their women-folk take no part in the social wars that are forever furnishing black headlines for the "yellow journals." But for a certain class of people who come from humble circumstances into wealth the "smart set" embodies everything in life really worth living for. Denied admission to the charmed circle, they get as near the outer edge as possible, and the result is sometimes almost pathetic.

Two or three years ago "the 400" took it into their heads to dine out on Sunday nights. Three or four resorts were selected by them, and here every Sunday evening the men and women of the elect might be seen eating their dinners in state. Of course, the society reporters made much copy of this new departure, and straightway every man and woman who had the price and who was ambitious to be thought in "society" stopped eating at home and went to the restaurants. The "New Rich" were in evidence everywhere, rubbing elbows with the "real things." It was not long, however, before the "real things" grew tired of this intermixing. Almost as suddenly as they had taken to dining out in public they dropped the custom, and to-day hardly one of them may be seen on Sundays in the resorts they used to frequent. But their imitators have kept to the habit.

The Easter Parade and First Nights

Another point of contact which used to exist between the socially ambitious and the socially successful, which has recently been broken, is the Fifth Avenue Easter parade. For many years it was the custom of those who were really "it" to don their very best gowns for church on Easter morning, and, after services, arrayed like Solomon in all his glory, to parade on the Avenue as far as Fifty-ninth Street. When the great money-making era began in New York this procession was gradually swelled, until, on any fine Easter morning, you could see Mr. and Mrs. Knickerbocker, who had ancestors and who were social arbiters, cheek by jowl with Mr. and Mrs. McGinnis and the Misses McGinnis, newly out of a Harlem flat. And the McGinnis make-up was often so clever that it was only the expert who could pick out the Knickerbockers. When the newspapers took to making snapshots of the fashion parade, the lens naturally caught alike the blue blood and the red, and it became so trying to the blue-blood nerves to see themselves pictured on Easter Monday with such plebeian neighbors that the Knickerbockers gradually withdrew. This change has not as yet penetrated to the mind of the "New Rich" element, which is not particularly quick-witted, and they turned out as numerously as ever this year, and as gorgeously attired.

"First nights," too, serve as a rallying point for these foolish people. There was a time, and not so long ago, when at any important first night at a big theatre you were certain to find all the prominent people in the society element. As soon as this fact impressed itself firmly on the mind of the "New Rich," they, too, went in for "first nights." Later, there was added what is known as the "flash element," the peculiar strata in metropolitan society which has all the vagaries and ambitions of the "New Rich" without their money. These two classes became so numerous that they generally made up most of the house. They became such a nuisance that they crowded out everybody else.

Unless one had the space of several fat volumes it would be impossible to do the different striking types of the "New Rich" and their peculiarities even partial justice. As it is, a few of the more interesting must suffice. Wall Street has furnished some of the choicest specimens. A dozen or fifteen years ago there was a hard-working man of about thirty who had made a good place for himself as a traveling salesman for a wholesale clothing house. In one of his journeys he met in the smoking compartment of the Pullman the senior partner of a well-known banking and brokerage firm in the financial district. It was a long run from Chicago to New York, the weather was nasty and the travelers were few. The drummer had a great fund of anecdote, and as it was part of his business to be a good story-teller he managed to put these anecdotes out in a very interesting manner. The banker put him down as a mighty bright, entertaining fellow, and became so much impressed with him that he offered him a position as outside man—"capper," as the brokers flippantly call it. It is the "capper's" business to go out and make friends and bring in customers who have money to put into stock speculation.

The ex-traveling man was a success from the start, and within a few years had built up such a good line of "friendship" that he concluded to go into business for himself. He induced one of the customers whom he had brought to the house to put up the necessary capital. A seat on the Stock Exchange was purchased and the firm opened up business. From the start it was successful. The ex-drummer was shrewd, pushing, persevering. The qualities that had made him a success on the road stood him in good stead in the Street.

Better still, he got in touch with "inside" information of real worth, a very rare article in Wall Street, and on the strength of this he played the market on his own account to such good purpose that he piled up, in a comparatively few years, a large fortune; how much, nobody really knows.

Now he has a town house, several country houses, and an income which enables him to keep them all up in the most expensive style. He and his wife, a large, rather handsome woman of striking appearance, who knows enough to keep her mouth shut most of the time, have started a systematic campaign to break into society. It is prophesied that, given ten years more, they will succeed, though they are handicapped by their loud, showy manners. Most of the Wall Street men are content to travel up and down town in the elevated, or in one of the ordinary cabs or hansoms that are to be picked up in the district. But this man never deigns to travel except in state. He comes down to his place of business in a carriage and pair that cost a fortune.

It is a peculiarity of the typical *nouveau riche* that as soon as he lands on "Easy Street" he makes it his business to come out strong in the carriage line. To many people there seems to be something tremendously fascinating in riding about town in style. Years of jogging along in street cars and cheap cabs seem to make them hunger for soft cushions and high-stepping steeds, for gorgeous box panels and driver and footman in livery. Any fine day in Central Park hundreds of these people may be seen during the driving-hour in the evening, or on Sundays during the early afternoon.

With Malice Aforethought

By Owen Wister

Author of "Superstition Trail"

—AND HE REPLIED

PART II

THE Virginian walked in the open air with thoughts disturbed. "I am of two minds about one thing," he said to himself uneasily.

Gossip ran in advance of him, but as he came by the talk fell away until he had passed. Then they looked after him, and their words again rose audibly. Thus everywhere a little eddy of silence accompanied his steps.

"It don't trouble him much," one said, having read nothing in the Virginian's face.

"It may trouble his girl some," said another.

"She'll not know," said a third, "until it's all over."

"He'll not tell her?"

"I wouldn't. It's no woman's business."

"Maybe that's so. Well, it would have suited me to have Trampas die sooner."

"How would it suit you to have him live longer?" inquired a member of the opposite faction, suspected of being himself a cattle thief.

"I could answer your question if I had other folks' calves I wanted to brand." This raised both a laugh and a silence.

Thus the town talked, filling in the time before sunset.

The Virginian, still walking aloof in the open air, paused at the edge of the town. "I'd sooner have a sickness than be undecided this way," he said; and he looked up and down. Then a grim smile came at his own expense. "I reckon it would make me sick—but there's not time."

Over there in the hotel sat his sweetheart, alone, away from her mother, her friends, her home, waiting his return, knowing nothing. He looked into the West. Between the sun and the bright ridges of the mountains was still a space of sky; but the shadow from the mountains' feet had drawn half-way toward the town. "About forty minutes more," he said aloud. "She has been raised so different!" And he sighed as he turned back. As he went slowly, he did not know how great was his own unhappiness. "She has been raised so different!" he said again.

Opposite the post-office the Bishop of Wyoming met him and greeted him. His lonely heart throbbed at the warm, firm grasp of his friend's hand. The Bishop saw his eyes glow suddenly, as if tears were close. But none came, and no word more open than "I'm glad to see you."

But gossip had reached the Bishop, and he was sorely troubled also. "What is all this?" said he, coming straight to it.

The Virginian looked at the clergyman frankly. "Yu' know just as much about it as I do," he said. "And I'll tell yu' anything yu' ask."

"Have you told Miss Wood?" inquired the Bishop.

The eyes of the bridegroom fell, and the Bishop's face grew at once more keen and more troubled. Then the bridegroom raised his eyes again, and the Bishop almost loved him. He touched his arm, like a brother. "This is hard luck," he said.

The bridegroom could scarce keep his voice steady. "I want to do right to-day more than any day I have ever lived," said he.

"Then go and tell her at once."

"It will just do nothing but scare her."

"Go and tell her at once."

"I expected you was going to tell me to run away from Trampas. I can't do that, yu' know."

The Bishop did know! Never before in all his wilderness work had he faced such a thing. He knew that Trampas was an evil in the country, and that the Virginian was a good. He knew that the cattle thieves—the rustlers—were gaining in numbers and audacity; that they led many weak young fellows to ruin; that they elected their men to office and controlled juries; that they were a staring menace to Wyoming. His heart was with the Virginian. But there was his Gospel, that he preached and believed and tried to live. He stood looking at the ground and drawing a finger along his eyebrow.

"Am I right," he now slowly asked, "in believing that you think I am a sincere man?"

"I don't believe anything about it. I know it."

"I should run away from Trampas," said the Bishop.

"That ain't quite fair, seh! We all understand you have got to do the things you tell other folks to do. And you do them, seh! Yu' never talk like anything but a man, and yu' never set yourself above others. You can saddle your own hawss. And I saw yu' walk unarmed into that White River excitement when those two other parsons was a-foggin' and a-fannin' for their own safety. D——n scoundrels!"

The Bishop instantly rebuked such language about brothers of his cloth, even though he disapproved both of them and their doctrines. "Every one may be an instrument of Providence," he concluded.

"Well," said the Virginian, "if that is so, then Providence makes use of instruments I'd not touch with a ten-foot pole. Now, if you was me, seh, and not a Bishop, would you run away from Trampas?"

"That's not quite fair, either!" exclaimed the Bishop with a smile. "Because you are asking me to take another man's convictions and yet remain myself."

"Yes, seh, I am. That's so. That don't get at it. I reckon you and me can't get at it."

"If the Bible," said the Bishop, "which I believe to be God's Word, were anything to you——"

"It is something to me, seh; I have found fine truths in it."

"'Thou shalt not kill,'" quoted the Bishop. "That is plain."

The Virginian took his turn at smiling. "Mighty plain to me, seh. Make it plain to Trampas, and there'll be no killin'. We can't get at it that way."

Once more the Bishop quoted earnestly, "'Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord.'"

"How about instruments of Providence, seh? Why, we can't get at it that way! If you start usin' the Bible that way it will mix you up mighty quick, seh."

"My friend," the Bishop urged, and all his good, warm heart was in it—"my dear fellow—go away for the one night! He'll change his mind."

The Virginian shook his head. "He cannot change his word, seh. Or, at least, I must stay around till he does. Why, I have given him the say-so! He's got the choice. Most men would not have took what I took from him in the saloon. Why don't yu' ask *him* to leave town?"

The good Bishop was at a standstill. Of all kicking against the pricks, none is so hard as this kick of a professing Christian against the whole instinct of human man.

"But you have helped me some," said the Virginian. "I will go and tell her. If I think it will be good for her, I will tell her."

The Bishop thought that he saw one last chance to move him.

"You're twenty-nine," he began.

"And a little over," said the Virginian.

"And you were fourteen when you ran away from your family."

"Well—I was weary, yu' know, of havin' elder brothers lay down my law night and mawnin'."

"Yes, I know. So that your life has been your own for fifteen years. But it is not your own now. You have given it to a woman."

"Yes, I have given it to her. But my life's not the whole of me. I'd give her twice my life—fifty—a thousand of 'em. But I can't give her—her nor anybody in Heaven or earth—I can't give my—my—— We'll never get at it, seh! There's no good in words. Good-by!" The Virginian wrung the Bishop's hand and left him.

"God bless him!" said the Bishop; "God bless him!"

The Virginian unlocked the room in the hotel where he kept stored his tent, his blankets, his pack-saddles, and his many accoutrements for the bridal journey in the mountains. Out of the window he saw those mountains blue in shadow; but some cottonwoods, distant in the flat between, were still bright green in the sun. From among his possessions he took quickly a pistol, wiping and loading it. Then from its holster he removed the pistol which he had tried and made sure of in the morning. This, according to his wont when going into a risk, he shoved between his trousers and his shirt in front. The untried weapon he placed in the holster, letting it hang visibly at his hip. He glanced out of the window again and saw the mountains of the same deep blue. But the cottonwoods were no longer in the sunlight. The shadow had come past them, nearer the town; for fifteen of the forty minutes were gone. "The Bishop is wrong," he said. "There is no sense in telling her." And he turned to the door just as she came to it herself.

"Oh!" she cried out at once, and rushed to him.

He swore as he held her close. "The fools!" he said; "the fools!"

"It has been so frightful waiting for you!" said she, leaning her head against him.

"Who had to tell you this?" he demanded.

"I don't know. Somebody just came and said it."

"This is mean luck," he murmured, patting her. "This is mean luck."

She went on: "I wanted to run out and find you. But I didn't! I didn't! I stayed quiet in my room till they said you had come back!"

"It is mean luck. Mighty mean," he repeated.

"How could you be so long?" she asked. "Never mind! I've got you now. It is over."

Anger and sorrow filled him. "I might have known some fool would tell you," he said.

"It's all over. Never mind." Her arms tightened their hold of him. Then she let him go. "What shall we do?" she said. "What now?"

"Now?" he answered. "Nothing now."

She looked at him without understanding.

"I know it is a heap worse for you," he pursued, speaking slowly. "I knew it would be."

"But it is over!" she exclaimed again.

He did not understand her now. He kissed her. "Did you think it was over?" he said simply. "There is some waiting still before us. I wish you did not have to wait alone. But it will not be long." He was looking down, and did not see the happiness grow chilled upon her face and then fade into bewildered fear. "I did my best," he went on. "I think I did. I know I tried. I let him say to me before them all what no man has ever said, or ever will again. I kept thinking hard of you—with all my might! Or I reckon I'd have killed him right there. And I gave

Editor's Note—This two-part story was begun in The Saturday Evening Post of last week.

him a show to change his mind. I gave it to him twice; I spoke as quiet as I am speaking to you now. But he stood to it. And I expect he knows he went too far in the hearing of others to go back on his threat. He will have to go on to the finish now."

"The finish?" she echoed, almost voiceless.

"Yes," he answered very gently.

Her dilated eyes were fixed upon him. "But"—she could scarce form utterance—"but you?"

"I have got myself ready," he said. "Did you think—why, what did you think?"

She recoiled a step. "What are you going——" She put her two hands to her head. "O God!" she almost shrieked, "you are going——" He made a step, and would have put his arm around her; but she backed against the wall, staring speechless at him.

"I am not going to let him shoot me," he said quietly.

"You mean—you mean—but you can come away!" she cried. "It's not too late yet. You can take yourself out of his reach. Everybody knows that you are brave. What is he to you? You can leave him in this place. I'll go with you anywhere. To any house, to the mountains, to anywhere away! We'll leave this horrible place together, and—and—Oh, won't you listen to me?" She stretched her hands to him. "Won't you listen?"

He took her hands. "I must stay here."

Her hands clung to his. "No, no, no. There's something else. There's something better than shedding blood in cold blood. Only think what it means! Only think of having to remember such a thing! Why, it's what they hang people for! It's murder!"

He dropped her hands. "Don't call it that name," he said sternly.

"When there was the choice!" she said, half to herself, like a person stunned and speaking to the air. "To get ready for it when you have the choice!"

"He did the choosing," answered the Virginian. "Listen to me. Are you listening?" he asked, for her gaze was dull. "I work hyeh. I belong hyeh. It's my life. If folks came to think I was a coward——"

"Who would think you were a coward?"

"Everybody. My friends would be sorry and ashamed, and my enemies would walk around saying they had always said so. I could not hold up my head again among enemies or friends."

"When it was explained——"

"There'd be nothing to explain. There'd just be the fact." He was nearly angry.

"There is a higher courage than fear of outside opinion," said the New England girl.

Her Southern lover looked at her. "Cert'nly there is. That's what I'm showing in going against yours."

"But if you know that you are brave, and if I know that you are brave, oh, my dear, my dear! what difference does the world make? How much higher courage to go your own course——"

"I am going my own course!" he broke in. "Can't yu' see how it must be about a man? It's not for their benefit, friends or enemies, that I have got this thing to do. If any man happened to say I was a thief, and I heard about it, would I let him go on spreadin' such a thing of me? Don't I owe my own honesty something better than that? Would I sit down in a corner rubbin' my honesty and whisperin' to it, 'There! there! I know you ain't a thief'? No, seh! Not a little bit! What men say about my nature is not just merely an outside thing. For the fact that I let 'em keep on sayin' it is a proof I don't value my nature enough to shield it from their slander and give them their punishment. And that's being a poor sort of a jay! Can't yu' see how it must be about a man?" he repeated.

"I cannot," she answered in a voice that scarcely seemed her own. "If I ought to, I cannot. To shed blood in cold blood! When I heard about that last fall—about the killing of those cattle thieves—I kept saying to myself, 'He had to do it. It was a public duty.' And lying sleepless I got used to Wyoming being different from Vermont. But this"—she gave a shudder—"when I think of to-morrow, of you and me, and of—— If you do this, there can be no to-morrow for you and me."

At these words he turned white.

"Do you mean——?" he asked; and could go no further.

Nor could she answer him, but turned her head away.

"This would be the end?" he asked.

Her head faintly moved to signify yes.

He stood still, his hand shaking a little. "Will you look at me and say that?" he murmured at length. She did not move. "Can you do it?" he said.

His sweetness made her turn, but could not pierce her frozen resolve. She gazed at him across the great distance of her despair.

"Then it is really so?" he said.

Her lips tried to form words, but failed.

He looked out of the window and saw nothing but shadow. The blue of the mountains had now become a deep purple. Suddenly his hand closed hard.

"Good-by, then," he said.

At that word she was at his feet, clutching him. "For my sake," she begged him. "For my sake!"

A tremble passed through his frame. She felt his legs shake as she held them, and looking up she saw that his eyes were closed with misery. Then he opened them, and in their steady look she read her answer. He unclasped her hands from holding him, and raised her to her feet.

"I have no right to kiss you any more," he said. And then, before his desire could break him down from this, he was gone, and she was alone.

She did not fall or totter, but stood motionless. And next—it seemed a moment and it seemed eternity—she heard in the distance a shot, and then two more. Out of the window she saw people beginning to run. At that she turned and fled to her room, and flung herself face downward upon the floor.

Trampas had departed into solitude from the saloon, leaving behind him his *ultimatum*. His loud and public threat

—HE FOUND HER IN HIS ARMS

was town knowledge already—would very likely be county knowledge to-night. Riders would take it with them to entertain distant cabins up the river and down the river; and by dark the stage would go South with the news of it—and the news of its outcome. For everything would be over by dark. After five years, here was the end coming; coming before dark. Trampas had got up this morning with no such thought. It seemed very strange to look back upon the morning; it lay so distant, so irrevocable. And he thought of how he had eaten his breakfast. How would he eat his supper? For supper would come afterward. Some people were eating theirs now with nothing like this before them. His heart ached and grew cold to think of them, easy and comfortable with plates and cups of coffee.

He looked at the mountains, and saw the sun above their ridges and the shadow coming from their feet. And there, close behind him, was the morning he could never go back to. He could see it clearly; his thoughts reached out like arms to touch it once more and be in it again. The night that was coming he could not see; and his eyes and his thoughts shrank from it. He had given his enemy until sundown. He could not trace the path which had led him to this. He remembered their first meeting, five years back, in Medicine Bow, and the words which at once began his hate. No, it was before any words; it was the first encounter of their eyes. For out of the eyes of every stranger looks either a friend or an enemy, waiting to be known. But how had five years of hate come to play him such a trick, suddenly, to-day? Since last autumn he had meant sometime to get even with this man, who seemed to stand at every turn of his crookedness and rob him of his spoils. But how had he come to choose such a way of getting even as this, face to face? He knew many better ways; and now his own rash proclamation had trapped him. His words were like doors shutting him in to perform his threat to the letter, with witnesses at hand to see that he did so.

Trampas looked at the sun and the shadow again. He had till sundown. The heart inside him was turning it around in this opposite way: It was to *himself* that, in his rage, he had given this lessening margin of grace. But he dared not leave town in all the world's sight after all the world had heard him. Even his friends would fall from him after such an act. Could he—the thought actually came to him—could he strike before the time set? But the thought was useless.

Even if his friends could harbor him after such a deed, his enemies would find him, and his life would be forfeit to a certainty. His own trap was closing upon him.

He came upon the main street and saw some distance off the Virginian, standing in talk with the Bishop. He slunk between two houses and cursed both of them. The sight had been good for him, bringing some warmth of rage back to his desperate heart. And he went into a place and drank some whisky.

"In your shoes," said the barkeeper, "I'd be afraid to take so much."

But the nerves of Trampas were almost beyond the reach of intoxication, and he swallowed some more, and went out again. Presently he fell in with some of his brothers in cattle stealing, and walked along with them for a little.

"Well, it will not be long now," they said to him. And he had never heard words so desolate.

"No," he made out to say; "soon now." Their cheerfulness seemed unearthly to him, and his heart almost broke beneath it.

"We'll have one to your success," they suggested.

So with them he repaired to another place; and the sight of a man leaning against the bar made him start so that they noticed him. Then he saw that the man was a stranger whom he had never laid eyes on till now.

"It looked like Shorty," he said, and could have bitten his tongue off.

"Shorty is quiet up in the Tetons," said a friend. "You don't want to be thinking about him. Here's how!"

Then they clapped him on the back, and he left them. He thought of his enemy and his hate, beating his rage like a failing horse, and treading the courage of his drink. Across a space he saw Wiggin walking with McLean and Scipio. They were watching the town to see that his friends made no foul play.

"We're giving you a clear field," said Wiggin.

"This race will not be pulled," said McLean.

"Be with you at the finish," said Scipio.

And they passed on. They did not seem like real people to him. Trampas looked at the walls and windows around him. Were they real? Was he here, walking in this street? Something had changed. He looked everywhere, and, feeling it everywhere, wondered what this could be. Then he knew it was the sun that had gone entirely behind the mountains; and he drew out his pistol.

The Virginian, for precaution, did not walk out of the front door of the hotel. He went through back ways, and paused once. Against his breast he felt the wedding ring, where he had it suspended by a chain from his neck. His hand went up to it, and he drew it out and looked at it. He took it off the chain, and his arm went back to hurl it from him as far as he could. But he stopped and kissed it with one sob, and thrust it into his pocket. Then he walked out into the open, watching. He saw men here and there, and they let him pass as before, without speaking. He saw his three friends and they said no word to him. But they turned

(Concluded on Page 16)

CONJUROR'S HOUSE—A Romance of the Free Forest—By Stewart Edward White

Author of The Blazed Trail, Etc.

"SHADOW THE FREE TRADER"

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALLMENTS—At one of the lonely Posts of the Hudson's Bay Company lives Virginia Albret, with her father, stern Galen Albret, who is the Factor in command of the Post. Ned Trent, a Free Trader, who has been hunting in the territory of the Company, has been captured, and expects, as a punishment, to be sent forth into the wilderness, unarmed, to starve to death. He has deeply impressed the heart of Virginia, and realizes that he may, by taking advantage of her sudden love, find means to secure a rifle and escape.

CHAPTER IX

THE girl ran as far as the veranda. There she paused. It was impossible for her in her present agitation to enter the house. It was equally impossible for her to remain where she was. Then she thought of the Reverend Archibald Crane, and so turned impulsively toward the church house in search of material knowledge and spiritual consolation. But, as she was on the point of knocking, her quick ear caught the sound of footsteps behind her. She drew back. Ned Trent brushed past her and pushed open the door, leaving it ajar. Virginia was unable to cross the band of light for fear of discovery; she was equally unable to retreat in the other direction because of the picket fence. Unwillingly she was forced to witness the curt interview that took place within.

The clergyman was sitting at his desk. The stranger bent his brows, studying him intently.

"Good-evening," greeted Ned Trent, stepping squarely into the centre of the room.

The clergyman spread his arms along the desk's edge.

"Good-evening," he returned. "Is there anything I can do for you?"

"I wish to introduce myself as Ned Trent," went on the Free Trader with composure, "and I have broken in on your privacy this evening only because I need your help cruelly."

"Pray be seated; what can I do for you?"

"What I need is the small matter of a rifle and about forty or fifty rounds of ammunition," returned the young man grimly.

A pause of astonishment ensued.

"Why, really," ejaculated Crane, "I fail to see how that falls within my jurisdiction in the slightest. You should see our Trader, Mr. McDonald, in regard to all such things. He often lets trappers have supplies as advance credit. Your request addressed to me becomes extraordinary."

"Not at all, when you know who I am. My name, as I told you, is Ned Trent; but I neglected to inform you further that I am a captured Free Trader, condemned to *La Longue Traverse*, and that I have in vain tried to procure elsewhere the means of escape."

Then the clergyman understood. "You expect to get them of me!" he said.

"Certainly," urged his interlocutor. "Don't you see that the logic of events forces me to think so. What other course is open to you? I am in this country entirely within my legal rights as a citizen of the Canadian Commonwealth. Unjustly I am seized by a stronger power. Surely you admit the injustice?"

"You forget," rejoined Crane, "that such an aid would be a direct act of rebellion on my part which would be severely punished."

"You refuse?" said Trent.

"I'm sorry; but there is nothing that I can do," was the reply.

Trent paused a moment, then shrugged his shoulders. "I hardly expected anything else," he said, "and I really don't know why I came here—unless it was to satisfy my conscience. There is another way—but I hated to use it," and then he turned and strode past the concealed watcher.

Out in the night the girl hesitated in two minds as to what to do next. She was excited, and resolved to finish the affair, but she could not bring her courage to the point of interrogating her father, and it now seemed useless to question Crane. That the stranger was in antagonism to the Company, that he imagined himself in danger on that account, that he wanted succor, she saw clearly enough. But the whole affair was vague, dreadful. She wanted to see it plainly, know its reasons. And beneath her excitement she recognized, with a catch of the breath, that she was afraid for him. She had not time now to ask herself what that might mean; she only realized that the fact was there.

She turned instinctively in the direction of Doctor Cockburn's house. Mrs. Cockburn was a plain little middle-aged woman with parted gray hair and sweet, faded eyes. In the life of the place she was a nonentity, and her tastes were homely and commonplace, but Virginia liked her.

She proved to be at home, and the Doctor still at his dispensary, which was well. Virginia entered a small log room, passed through it immediately to a larger papered room, and sat down in a musty, red armchair. The building was one of the old régime, which meant that its floor was of wide and rather uneven painted boards, its ceiling low, its windows small, and its general lines of an irregular and sagging rule-of-thumb tendency. The white wall-paper evidently concealed squared logs. The present inhabitants, being possessed at once of rather homely tastes and limited facilities, had overfurnished the place with an infinitude of little things—little rugs, little tables, little knit doilies, little racks of photographs, little china ornaments, little spidery what-nots, and shelves for books.

Virginia seated herself and opened the topic at once.

"Mrs. Cockburn," she said, "you have always been very good to me—always, ever since I came here as a little girl. I have not always appreciated it, I am afraid, nor been as grateful as I should, but I am in great trouble, and I want your help."

"What is it, dearie?" asked the older woman softly. "Of course I will do anything I can."

"I want you to tell me what all this mystery is—about the young man who to-day arrived from Conjuror's House, I mean. I have asked everybody; I have tried by all means in my power to get somebody somewhere to tell me. It is maddening—and I have a special reason for wanting to know."

The older woman was already gazing at her through troubled eyes.

"It is a shame and a mistake!" she broke out; "and I have said so always. You have the right to know, although it will make you very unhappy—as it does all us poor women who have to live in this land of dread. But I cannot."

Virginia felt again the impalpable shadow of truth escaping her. Baffled, confused, her self-control began to leave her. A dozen times to-day she had reached after this thing, and always her fingers had closed on empty air. She felt that she could not stand the suspense of bewilderment an instant longer. The tears overflowed and rolled down her cheeks.

"Oh, Mrs. Cockburn!" she cried, "have pity! You do not know how dreadful this has come to be to me just because it is made so mysterious. Why has it been kept from me alone? It must have something to do with me, and I can't stand this mystery, this double dealing, an instant longer. If you won't tell me, nobody will, and I shall go on imagining—Oh, please have pity on me! I feel the shadow of a tragedy. It comes out in everything, in everybody to whom I turn. I see it in Wishkobun's avoidance of me, in my father's silence, in your reluctance—yes, in the very reckless insolence of that unfortunate young man——" Her voice broke slightly. "If you will not tell me I shall go direct to my father." She ended with more firmness.

"There is more in this than appears," commented Mrs. Cockburn's inner thoughts. "I believe she is interested in him—I am sure of it." She arose and seated herself on the arm of the red chair, taking the girl's fingers in hers.

"I believe you mean it," she said, "and I am going to tell you, myself. There is much sorrow in it for you; but if you go to your father it will only make it worse. I am doing what I should not. It is a shame that such things happen in this nineteenth century, but happen they do. The long and short of it is, that the Factors of this Post tolerate no competition in the country, and when a man enters it for the purpose of trading with the Indians he is stopped and sent out."

"There is nothing very bad about that," commented Virginia, relieved.

"No, my dear, not in that. But they say his arms and supplies are taken from him, and he is given a bare handful of provisions. He has to make a quick journey, and to starve at that. Before I married Doctor Cockburn I saw one of those men—they called him Jo Bagneau—and his condition was pitiable—pitiable!"

"But hardships can be endured. A man can escape."

"Yes," almost whispered Mrs. Cockburn, looking about her apprehensively, "but the story goes that there have been some cases—when the man was an old offender, or was especially determined, or so prominent as to be able to interest the law—no one breathes of these cases here—but—*those men never got out!*"

"What do you mean?" cried Virginia harshly.

"One does not mean such things; but they are so. The hardships of the wilderness are many, the dangers terrible—what more natural than that a man should die of them in the forest? It is no one's fault."

"What do you mean?" repeated Virginia. "For Heaven's sake, speak plainly!"

"I dare not speak more plainly than I know; and no one ever really *knows* anything about it—excepting the Indian who fires the shot, or who watches the man until he dies of starvation," whispered Mrs. Cockburn.

"But—but!" cried the girl, grasping her companion's arm. "My father! Does *he* give such orders? *He?*"

"No orders are given. The thing becomes known. Certain runners whose turn it is shadow the Free Trader. Your father is not responsible; no one is responsible. It is the policy."

"And this young fellow——"

"It has gone about that he is to take *La Longue Traverse*. He knows it himself."

"It is murder—it is barbaric—it is——"

"My dear, it is all that and more; but this is the country of dread, and the men of it are fierce, hard sons of the wilderness. You have known the soft, bright side always—the picturesque men, the laugh, the song. When you have been in the wilderness as long as I you will know that when the storms of their great passions rage it is well to sit quiet at your prayers."

The girl's eyes were wide-fixed, staring at this first real glimpse of life. A thousand new thoughts jostled for recognition. Suddenly her world had been swept from beneath her. The patriarchal, kindly rule had passed away and in its place she was forced to see a grim, iron bond of death laid over her domain. And her father—no longer the grave, kindly old man—had become the ruthless tyrant; all these bright, laughing *voyageurs*, playmates of her childhood, were in reality executioners of a savage blood law. It was horrible to her. She could not adjust herself to it.

She arose unsteadily. "Thank you, Mrs. Cockburn," she said in a low, sweet voice. "I—I do not quite understand. But I must go now. I must—I must see that my father's room is ready for him," she finished with the proud assumption of indifference every woman at such crises assumes, "it is my nightly task."

"Good-night, dearie," replied the older woman. She leaned forward and kissed her. "God keep and guide you. I hope I have done right."

"Yes," cried Virginia with unexpected fire—"yes, you did just right. I should know! I have been a little child to whom everything has been bright and care-free and simple. You have given me my womanhood."

She bowed her head and passed through the log room into the outer air.

Her father—*her* father—had willed this man's death, and so he was to die! That explained many things—the young fellow's insolence, his care-free recklessness. He wanted one little thing—the gift of a rifle wherewith to assure his subsistence should he escape into the forest—and in all this community some were too hard to give it him, and some too afraid! He should have it! She, the daughter of her father, would see to it that in this one instance her father's harshness should fail!

Suddenly, in the white heat of her emotion, she saw the reason for her own conduct in all this train of events, and she stopped short and gasped with the shock of it. It did not matter that she broke her father's will; it would not matter if she should be discovered and punished as only these harsh characters could punish. For the brave bearing, the brave jest, the jaunty facing of death, the tender, low voice, the gay song, the aurora-lit moment of his summons—all these had at last their triumph. She knew that she loved him, and that if he were to die she would surely die, too.

And, oh, it must be that he loved her! Had she not heard it in the music of his voice from the first?—the passion of his tones? the dreamy, lyrical swing of his talk by the old guns?

Then she staggered sharply and choked back a cry. For out of her recollections leaped two sentences of his—the first careless, impudent, inexcusable! "*Ah, a star shoots!*" he had said. "*That means a kiss!*" The second: "*There is another way—but I hated to use it.*"

She was the other way! She saw it plainly. He did not love her, but he saw that he could fascinate her, and he hoped to use her as an aid to his escape. She threw her head up proudly.

Then a man swung into view across the Northern lights. Virginia flattened herself against the palings among the brakes until he should have passed. It was Ned Trent again, returning from a walk to the end of the island. He was alone and unfollowed. The girl realized with a sudden grip at the heart that the wilderness itself was sufficient safeguard

Editor's Note—This story began in The Saturday Evening Post of April 19.

against a man unarmed and unequipped. It was not considered worth while even to watch him. Should he escape, sure death by starvation awaited him in the land of dread

As he entered the settlement he struck up an air

"Le fils du roi s'en va chassant
En roulant ma boule
Avec son grand fusil d'argent
Roulì roulant, ma boule roulant"

Almost immediately a window slid back, and an irritated voice cried out:

"Holà dere, w'at one fool you for mak' de sing so late

The voice went on imperturbably

"Avec son grand fusil d'argent
En roulant ma boule
Visa le noir, tua le blanc
Roulì roulant, ma boule roulant."

"Holà!" shrieked the habitant

"Hello, Johnny," cried Ned Trent in his acid tones; "that you? Be more polite or I'll stand here and sing you the whole of it

The window slammed shut

Ned Trent took up his walk again toward some designated sleeping-place of his own, his song dying into the distance

"Visa le noir, tua le blanc,
En roulant ma boule,
O fils du roi, tu es méchant
Roulì roulant, ma boule roulant."

"And he can sing!" cried the girl bitterly. "In this! Heaven help me, but I am the unhappiest girl alive!"

CHAPTER X

VIRGINIA did not sleep at all that night. She was attaining the readjustment. Heretofore she had ruled those about her rather proudly, being sure of her power and influence. Now she saw that all along she had been mildly tolerated in her own little niche of the winsome girl. She had no real influence at all. They went mercilessly on in the grim way of their fathers, dealing justice evenhanded according to their own crude conceptions of it, without a thought of God or man, or anything else outside their own individual needs and judgments. She turned hot all over as she saw herself in this new light—as she saw those about her covertly laughing at her airs of the mistress of it. It angered her—though the laughter might be good-humored, even a little affectionate

And she shrank into herself with utter loathing when she remembered Ned Trent. There, indeed, her woman's pride was hard stricken. She recalled with burning cheeks how his intense, passionate voice had stirred her, how his commands had lured her; she shivered pitifully as she remembered the feel of his shoulder touching carelessly her own. If he had come to her honestly and asked her aid she would have given it; but this underhand, sneaking pretense at love! It was unworthy of him; and it was certainly most unworthy of her. What must he think of her? How he must be laughing at her—and hoping that his spell was working, so that he could get the coveted rifle.

"I hate him!" she cried to herself, the backs of her long slender hands pressed against her eyes. She meant that she loved him, but for the purposes in hand one would do as well as the other

At earliest daylight she was up. Bathing her face and throat in cold water, and hastily catching her beautiful light hair under a cap, she slipped down the stairs and out past the stockade to the point. There she seated herself, a heavy shawl about her, and gave herself up to reflection. She had approached silently, her moccasins giving no sound. After some moments she became aware that some one had been before her. Looking closer she discovered on the next level below her a man, seated on a boulder, and gazing to the south.

His very soul was in his eyes. Virginia gasped at the change in him since last she had seen him. The gay, mocking demeanor, which had seemed part of his very flesh and blood, had fallen away from him, to be replaced by a sad and lofty dignity that ennobled his countenance. The lines of his face were stern, his mouth pathetic, his eyes yearning. He stared toward the south with an almost mesmeric intensity, as though he hoped by sheer longing to materialize a vision. Virginia was suddenly almost moved to tears by the subtle pathos of his attitude.

Then he stretched his arms wearily over his head and sighed deeply, and looked up. His eyes rested on the girl without surprise; the expression of his features did not change.

"Pardon me," he said simply. "To-day is my last of plenty. I am enjoying it. I have little thought of anything else."

Virginia had anticipated again the usual instantaneous transformation of his manner when he should catch sight of her. This disarmed her resentment. In face of the vaster tragedies, little considerations stepped aside.

"Do you leave—to-day?" she asked in a low voice

"To-morrow morning, early," he corrected. "To-day I found my provisions packed and laid at my door. It is a hint I know how to take."

"You have everything you need?" asked the girl with an assumption of indifference

He looked her in the eyes for a moment. "Everything," he lied calmly

Virginia perceived that he lied, and her heart stood still with a sudden hope. She leaned toward him over the edge of the little rise.

"Have you a rifle—for *La Longue Traverse*?" she inquired with meaning

He stared at her a trifle the harder.

"Why—why, surely," he replied in a tone less confident. "Nobody travels without a rifle in the North."

She dropped swiftly down the slope and stood face to face with him

"Listen," she began in her superb manner. "I know all there is to know. You are a Free Trader, and you are to be sent to your death. It is murder, and it is done by my father." She held her head proudly, but the notes of her voice were straining. "I knew nothing of this yesterday—I was a foolish girl who thought all men good and just, and all those whom I knew to be noble. My eyes are open now. I see injustice being done by my own household—and"—tears were trembling on her lashes, but she blinked them back—"and—I am no longer a foolish girl! You must not lie to me. You must tell me what I can do, for I cannot permit so great a wrong to be done by my father without attempting to set it right." This was not what she had intended to say, but suddenly the course was clear to her. The influence of the man had again swept over her, drowning her will, filling her with the old fear, which was now for the moment turned to pride by the peculiarity of the situation. But to her surprise the man was thinking of something else.

"Who told you?" he demanded harshly.

"It was a friend. I had the right to know."

"You had no right!" he cried vehemently. "You and life should have nothing to do with one another. There is a look in your eyes that was not in them yesterday, and the one who put it there is not your friend."

"Last evening," she replied, ignoring his outburst, "you told me that to-day you might come to me and ask me to choose between my pity and what I might think to be my duty. What would you ask of me?"

"Nothing. I spoke idle words."

"Last evening I overheard you demand something of Mr Crane," she pursued, without commenting on his answer, "and when he could not help you I heard you say these words, 'There is another way—but I hate to use it.' What was the aid you asked of him, and where else did you expect to get it?"

"The aid was something impossible to accord, and I did not expect to get it elsewhere. I said that in order to induce him to help me."

A wonderful light sprang to the girl's eyes, but still she maintained her level voice.

"You asked him for a rifle with which to escape. You expected to get it of me. Deny it if you can," said she calmly.

Ned Trent looked at her keenly a moment, then dropped his eyes.

"It is true," said he.

"And you lied to me when you said you had a rifle with which to journey—*La Longue Traverse*."

"That, too, is true," he acknowledged, turning his head away.

When next she spoke, after a short pause, her voice was not quite so well controlled.

"Why did you not ask me as you intended? Why did you tell me these lies?"

The young man hesitated, looked her in the face, turned away again, and murmured.

"I could not."

"Why?" persisted the calm voice—"why? You must tell me."

"Because," said Ned Trent, "because it could not be done. Every rifle in the place is known. Because you would be found out in this, and I do not know what your punishment might not be."

"You knew this before?" insisted Virginia stonily.

"Yes"

"Then why did you change your mind?"

"When I first saw you by the gun," began Ned Trent in a low voice, "I was a desperate man, clutching at the slightest chance. The thought crossed my mind that I might use you. Then later I saw that I had some power of fascination over you, and I made my plan. But last night——"

"Yes, last night?" urged Virginia softly

"Last night I paced the island, and I found out many things. One of them was that I could not."

"You would rather die?"

"I would rather take my chances."

"It was a good lie," said Virginia gently—"a noble lie."

He shut his lips grimly, but said nothing

"Why, why did you come?" she cried passionately. "Are your needs then so great that you must run these perils?"

"My needs," he replied proudly. "No. I have enough"

"Then why?" she insisted,

"Because I am freeborn and this country is free," he replied in the words he had the day before used with Galen Albret "We are in a civilized country, and no man has a right to tell me where I shall or shall not go. Does the Company own the forests? Does it own the Indians?"

Something in the tone of his voice caused her to meet his eyes steadily for a moment

"Is that all?" she asked at length.

"No, it is not," he confessed; "the subject is painful. My father was a servant of this Company, a good, true servant. No man was more honest, more zealous, more loyal."

"I am sure of it," said Virginia softly.

"But for some reason that he never knew himself he made enemies in high places. The cowards did not meet him man to man, and so he never knew who they were. If he had he would have killed them. But they worked against him always. He was given hard posts, inadequate supplies, scant help, and then he was held to account for what he could not do. Finally he left the Company in disgrace—undeserved disgrace, of course. He became a Free Trader in the days when to become a Free Trader was worse than attacking a grizzly with cubs. In three years he was killed. But when I grew to be a man—oh, I wish I knew who did that thing! Still, I have accomplished something. I have traded in spite of your Factors in many districts. And they knew me and feared my rivalry, these traders of your Company. No district of the far North but felt the influence of my bartering. The traders of all districts—Fort au Liard, Lapierre's House, Fort Rae, Ile à la Crosse, Portage la Loche, Lac la Biche, Jasper's House, the House of Touchwood Hills—all these and many more heard of Ned Trent. That is why I came here"

But now you are in trouble."

"The chances of war."

"And they have defeated you."

"I shall start on *La Longue Traverse* singing *Roulì roulant* 'Tis a small defeat, that."

"Listen," said she exaltedly. "When I was quite a small girl Mr. McTavish, of Rupert's House, gave me a little rifle I have never used it, because I do not care to shoot. That rifle has never been counted, and my father has long since forgotten all about it. You must take that, and escape to-night. I will let you have it on one condition—that you give me your solemn promise never to venture into this country again."

"Yes," he agreed, without enthusiasm or surprise.

She examined his gloomy face and listless hands happily.

"But I do not want to give up the little rifle entirely," she went on with dainty precocity, watching him closely. "As I said, it was a present given to me when I was quite a small girl. You must return it to me at Quebec in August. Will you promise to do that?"

He wheeled on her swift as light, the eagerness returned to his face.

"You are going to Quebec?" he asked quickly.

"My father wants me to. I have decided to do so. I shall start with the Abitibi Brigade in July."

"I promise!" he cried excitedly. "I promise you what you wish. To-night, then. Bring the rifle and the cartridges, and some matches, and a little salt. You must take me across the river in a canoe, for I want them to guess at where I strike the woods. I shall cover my trail. And with ten hours' start let them catch Ned Trent who can!"

She laughed happily.

"To-night, then. At the south of the island there is a trail, and at the end of the trail a beach——"

"I know!" he cried.

"Meet me there as soon after dark as you can."

He threw his hat into the air and caught it, his face boyishly upturned. Again that something, so vaguely familiar, plucked at her with its ghostly, appealing fingers. She turned swiftly and seized them, and so found herself in possession of a memory out of her far-off childhood.

"I know you," she said; "I have seen you before this"

He bent his puzzled gaze at her.

"I was a very little girl," she explained, "and you but a lad. It was at a party, I think, for I remember many beautiful women and fine men. You held me up in your arms for people to see because I was going on a long journey."

"I remember; of course I do!" he exclaimed

A bell clanged, turning over and over, calling the Company's men to their day.

"Farewell," she said hurriedly. "To-night."

"To-night," he repeated.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

"YES, LAST NIGHT?" URGED VIRGINIA SOFTLY

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, Editor

The Saturday Evening Post is the oldest journal in America, having appeared regularly every week for the past 174 years, except for the short period when Philadelphia was in the hands of the British Army. The magazine was founded in 1728 and was edited and published by Benjamin Franklin, in whose day it was known as The Pennsylvania Gazette. In 1765 the publication passed into other hands, but its name continued until 1821 when it was changed to The Saturday Evening Post. The magazine was purchased in 1897 by The Curtis Publishing Company

¶ Truth crushed to earth will rise again, but too often it needs crutches

¶ A pessimist is a man who is always wondering how large his funeral will be.

¶ It is easier to catch a big fish than to make people believe the truth about it.

¶ The heat that was missed in the street-car in winter will be found in the car in summer.

¶ At last Mr. Carnegie has met his Waterloo. It is in Iowa and it got the usual library

¶ A poet at the head of the Pension Bureau suggests the remote possibility of pensions for poets. The condition, of course, should be that they write no more poetry

¶ Rev. Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage, in addition to a life-work of unusual interest and versatility, did one thing that exceeded the achievements of many of the ablest lawyers. He left a will that was satisfactory to all the heirs.

¶ According to one great man, putting two and two together and making five meant progress. But he lived in another generation. Nowadays the plan is to put two and two together, pour in water, and capitalize at five millions.

¶ This is the time of the year when cities should be establishing more public baths, but they will probably do as usual and dismiss the necessity until the hot weather is upon the poor people who cannot get out of town—and then they will say it is too late and forget the whole thing for another year.

¶ Captain Joseph B. Coghlan is now a Rear-Admiral. Nobody doubts that he deserves it, and it was simple justice to recall the punishment for his elocution and promote him for his bravery. But there are other elocutionists who have no compensating merits, and they need not regard this case as a precedent.

¶ Much is being said in Congress and in the newspapers about the Americans in the Philippines following the example of Weyler in Cuba and establishing reconcentrado camps. But though the general fact is true the difference is great and important. In Weyler's camps the people suffered outrages and starvation; in the American camps the streets and houses are kept clean and the people are well fed. Death stalked in the Weyler camps; health flourishes in the American camps.

¶ The boy who wants to do things in this world must be around when things are happening; and it is a part of the inconsiderateness of things that the vital ones happen just before the slow man gets down to his work and just after the easy-going one has started home

¶ That prop of "divine right" and hereditary privilege, Emperor William, is being bitterly criticised because a large number of his guests on a recent excursion were business men without titles. The aristocrats, the inheritors of title, place, estates, scrofula, incompetence and stupidity were, of course, the critics.

The feudal Emperor is catching the American idea. Training and inclination doubtless lead him to hold fast to the old aristocracy, but he is shrewd enough to see that the new cannot be ignored, that young blood and brains, backed by the enormous power of wealth, even though it be new wealth, will in the long run tilt the old order out of the saddle. It has taken the American idea more than a hundred years to reach Germany, but it is there to stay

The Tape Measure on Life

A WELL-KNOWN author, who has never been distinguished for any of those traits which have made Russell Sage famous, was asking a publisher for a quick remittance a few weeks ago on the ground that he was "broke."

"And when I say broke I mean broke," he went on. "Some men think they are broke just because they haven't any real money, though they may have an overcoat, a dress-suit and a watch and chain. But in my bright lexicon the word means that I haven't anything in the world except the suit of clothes in which I stand"

Good and bad, fortune and misfortune, are, and always wi be, purely relative terms, even among men who do the same sort of work, move in the same circles and are apparently cut from the same piece of cloth. Literal people who are searching for an exact standard by which they may measure right and wrong, riches and poverty, might as well give up. It lies somewhere in the fourth dimension.

Peace is always welcome, but it does not get so much space in the papers as war.

J. Pierpont Morgan—Potentate

MARK TWAIN, in his latest story, tells of a group of miners who were discussing Sherlock Holmes and his majestic methods. After each in turn had paid his tribute of respect, Ferguson, "with a deep awe in his voice," ventured·

"I wonder if God made him."

There was no response for a moment, then Ham Sandwich said reverently·

"Not all at one time, I reckon."

That is the way the average man, who reads the newspapers, is coming to feel about J. Pierpont Morgan. What Nelson A. isn't to the Army, J. Pierpont is to the business world. The captains, the colonels, the brigadiers of industry come to him for orders. When they have a bad thing they ask him to make it better, and when they have a good one they bring that along to see if by administering "the water cure" he can't persuade it to yield more money. He makes the millionaire operators of ten years ago look like retailers. In short, he is the boss, the lieutenant-general commanding, for whom the rear benches do not exist—and right here lies the germ of an easy parlor conundrum which would word itself something like this·

What is the difference betweeen Miles and Morgan?

And the answer would shape up something like this:

One has the title without the job, and the other has the job without the title.

Counting chickens before they are hatched is all right if you can sell them on that count.

Cuba's Birthday as a Nation

THE twentieth of May, 1902, is a memorable date. It witnesses the birth of a new Republic under conditions never before paralleled in the modern world. There are plenty of Republics that have won their independence by fighting for it, but Cuba is the only one now in existence that enters the family of nations through the friendly introduction of a protecting Power.

There were cases apparently similar at the time of the French Revolution. The Batavian Republic, the Ligurian Republic, and the like, were launched under the eye of their guardians at Paris. But what happened in those cases was simply a disguised annexation. Some people may say that the same thing is going on in the case of Cuba, but, at any rate, the disguise here is somewhat more complete.

In 1815 the Ionian Islands were declared an independent Republic under the protection of Great Britain, but the distinction between that Republic and a British Colony was so faint that it needed a chemical analysis to discover it. England appointed the head of the Ionian Government and practically managed the entire administration.

Cuba is tied up to a considerable extent by the Platt Amendment, but still she does have the privilege of electing her own President, of receiving and sending ministers and consuls, and of acting in most other respects as an independent state. She is nominally more independent than Bulgaria, although she will prove less so, perhaps, in practice.

The experiment to be tried in Cuba may have the most momentous consequences. The question is to be tested whether Anglo-Saxon guardianship without annexation can secure peace, order and prosperity among a Latin-American people. If it prove successful the example will inevitably have a profound influence throughout the Western world The owners of property in Central America, Venezuela and Colombia, and the other people whose interests are menaced by disorder, will ask themselves whether the Cuban style of Republic might not be a good thing for them.

The man who grinds the music gets tired unless the pennies fall

The Great Steamship Trust

THE threatened Steamship Trust has come. Beginning with half a dozen of the principal transatlantic lines, its managers clearly contemplate the absorption of all the rest.

Of course, an ocean monopoly can never be absolutely complete. On land a railroad trust may own all the available rights of way and make competition literally impossible, but the ocean is free. Anybody can build a ship and run it, or if a ship is beyond his resources he can build a schooner.

A manufacturer in New York is not entirely at the mercy of common carriers. If he has goods enough to make a cargo he can always find a vessel to carry them.

But still a Shipping Trust will have an enormous advantage over a private owner—so great an advantage that private competition under ordinary conditions would seem to be impossible. The Trust is controlled by the same men who control the principal railroad lines of the United States as well as our principal manufacturing industries. They are reaching out for the control of railroads and canals in Great Britain. Their ships will be assured of cargoes at all times, while independent steamers will be sailing in ballast or rusting in port waiting for somebody to come along and hire them. The Trust can give through bills of lading from Pittsburg to Birmingham. The independent shipper will have to pay one rate to the American seaboard, another to the English port of entry, and a third to the point of destination.

Of course, if the Trust should adopt a policy of oppression and try to use its immense power to rob its patrons, competition would break out in spite of every disadvantage. But the United States Steel Corporation has deliberately followed the plan of refusing to raise prices, even when the market conditions invited it to do so, and the fact that the same men who organized the steel combination are behind the ship deal makes it probable that the same policy will be adopted there.

While the courts take their time the mergers continue to merge.

Some Things Beyond Price

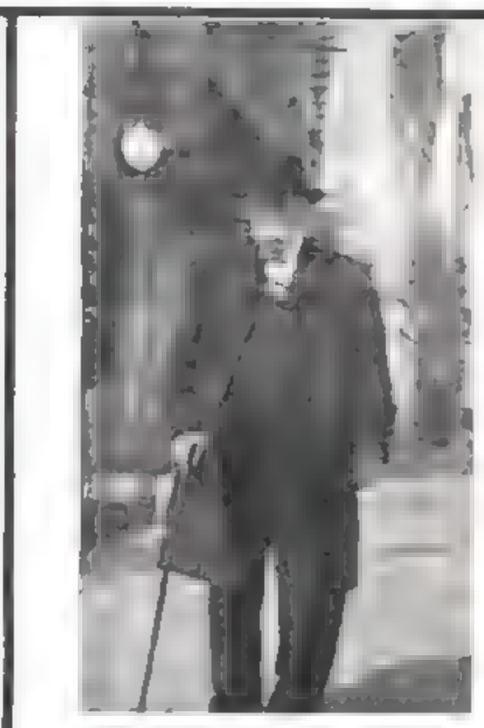
FIVE million dollars refused for a dingy little brown church with a bit of burying-ground attached is a cheerful reminder that there are still some things which money will not buy. In the very vortex of New York's business whirlpool St. Paul's Chapel, with its tiny green churchyard, remains undisturbed in its old rural repose It would be an ideal site for a skyscraper, and a syndicate would gladly pay five million dollars for the chance to build one there, but the place is not for sale.

There are a few other things even in the most mercenary of modern cities that are not for sale. If Central Park were cut up into building lots it would probably bring not less than a billion dollars. With Prospect Park, in Brooklyn, it could be made to produce a revenue that would pay the entire expenses of the city government and leave all other property free from taxation. There was a time when New York was in danger of having no Central Park. The official map of the city covered all that region with streets and avenues. A small park taking in the present Union and Madison Squares and the space between was thought to afford all the breathing space the future metropolis would need. Now, no price that all the billionaires of all the trusts could offer would be regarded by New Yorkers as an inducement to give up Central Park. The price that could be obtained for Fairmount Park would support the city government of Philadelphia, but no Philadelphian would care to be relieved of taxation at such a cost.

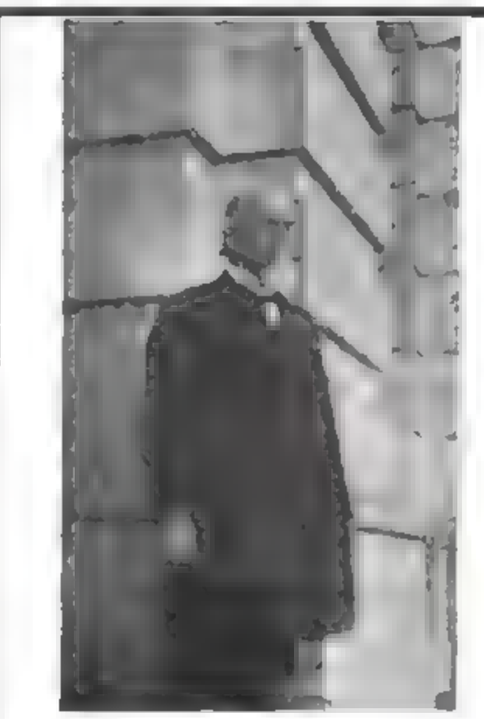
In every important city of America the public parks represent the voluntary sacrifice of an income greater than the present municipal budget. But no public park anywhere is for sale. It is good to know that there are some things which are beyond price

A WOMAN'S WASHINGTON

THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR
M. JULES CAMBON



SENATOR BATE



SENATOR PETTUS

SENATOR BURTON

THE first of May still finds us dining as assiduously as we did in December. Recently at a dinner, where we were all gathered as around a gossip's bowl, I observed:

Everybody and everything is seen nowadays whizzing around our streets in automobiles.

"All except Senator Hanna and Uncle Sam," put in Senator P——.

We looked at Senator P——, rather mystified at the classing of Senator Hanna and Uncle Sam together.

"Haven't you heard about Representative Steele's little boy who has just come to town?" asked the Senator.

We admitted that we had not. The Senator said:

"Well, Steele has a bright little fellow who has been much given to the pictures in the comic papers, and he was up in one of the committee-rooms over on the House side the other day and some of us asked him what he thought of Washington.

"'Ain't much of a town,' he said.

"'Why not?' some one asked.

"'Oh, I've been here two weeks an' I've not seen Mark Hanna or Uncle Sam yet.'

"'But how would you know Mark Hanna?' he was asked.

"'Oh, he always has his name in print on his coat collar or on his pocket.'

"'And how about Uncle Sam?' 'You know that all these men you see here are really Uncle Sam,' said we.

"He looked all around rather dubiously, then his face lighted up and he said:

"'Oh, no, 'tain't. You can't fool me. I know Uncle Sam 'cause he has chin whiskers and wears high water pants.'

"When the laugh had subsided I said to Senator Blank, who has a boy whose sayings are known all over one end of the Capitol:

"'That boy matches yours, Senator Blank.'

"'Yes,' said the Senator, laughing. 'Our boy paralyzed us a day or two ago. He came home from school and I said:

"'"Son, what have you learned to-day?"

"'"We've been spellin' and tellin' definitions," he replied.

"'Spelling, hey? Well, what did you spell and what did the words mean?' I asked confidently.

"'Well, we got into the Pollys. We had "polygamy" and "pollyandry," he said earnestly.

"His mother and I were a bit staggered, but I asked of course: 'Well, what did these two words mean?'

"'Oh, when a man marries a lot of wives it's pollygamy, and when a woman marries a lot of husbands it's pollyandry.'

"'But, son,' we asked in alarm, 'was there no other word given you that means one marriage only, such as here in your own home where your mother and father live?'

"'Oh, yes,' he said gravely. 'We had that word, too. It was "mo—mo—monotony"!'"

There was a shout over this story, and then Robert said:

"I shall add another misfit speech. At the Metropolitan Club the other night Judge X—— came into the loggia where a lot of youngsters were having a great time. By common consent Judge X—— is the most elegant and the most esteemed man in the club. One young man who has only just been admitted to membership in the club desired to be on good terms with the distinguished Judge, and by way of opening the conversation asked him why, on occasions of the deaths of members of the club, the club flag was sometimes displayed at half-mast, with the United States flag above it also at half-mast. The Judge courteously explained that the two flags were displayed thus when the deceased member was of unusual prominence, such as in the case of the President of the United States.

"'Ah, then, Judge,' said the pleased new member, 'I hope we shall have the honor of half-masting both flags for you.'

"'Not on your life!' ejaculated the startled Judge, while there was a suppressed smile all over that whole loggia,' concluded Robert.

"A clear case of being 'set quick i' the earth,'" said Senator P—— grimly. Then he asked me, while the gossip flowed on steadily around us:

"I hope you have not taken your eye off the political arena altogether, Mrs. Slocum?"

"'Oh, no one would dare to do that in these days," said I with conviction. "'I've been taking vigorous notes upon the Senate lately, and I have heard Farmer Proctor, Farmer Warren and Farmer Tillman exchange experiences of their farm days and compare the muscles of their hands and arms, and enlarge upon their respective bucolic prowess.

"'Oh, then you have been watching the agricultural scrimmage?" asked the Senator. "And I suppose you heard Proctor describe how he milks two hundred and fifty cows up in Vermont, and how he can squint across a stretch of clover fields and know just how many tons of hay he will harvest?"

"Yes," said I, "and then Farmer Warren, of Wyoming, twitted Farmer Tillman with being no real farmer and asked:

"'Did you ever milk cows?'

"'No, but I have plowed,' returned Farmer Tillman.

"'So have I,' said Farmer Warren, 'and I have milked cows and chopped wood from daybreak to sunset.'

"'Oh! I've chopped wood, too,' replied Farmer Tillman with pride.

"'And swung the pitchfork?' queried Farmer Warren slyly.

"'Aye, the pitchfork,' laughed Farmer Tillman."

"What else have you heard and seen?" asked the Senator.

"Well, I have seen Senator Pettus, of Alabama, unload the contents of his slouch hat upon his desk, and I count it one of the things to see," said I with a smile at the recollection. "'Why," continued I, "it is a regular mail pouch. It bulges with papers and letters. He lays it carefully on his desk and begins. He takes out yellow documents, and records, and letters, and telegrams, and bundles with rubber bands around them, till the onlooker grows breathless; then, when there is nothing more to be disgorged, he claps his hands for a page who bears it away to the cloak-room. Senator Jones, too, brings his hat into the chamber, but it is not so exciting an episode in his case.

"'What more does your budget contain in the way of personal notes?' asked the Senator.

"'Oh, I heard something that gave me food for thought. Senator Bate, of Tennessee, said that he had never in all his public career used a pass over a railroad, or used the rate allowed by the Government for sending telegrams.

"And I heard Senator Gallinger send over to the Congressional Library for a copy of the Bible, which seemed to create a real sensation, and I learned that it is only the second time in forty-two years that a member of either branch of Congress has sent for a Bible. And then I noticed that Senator Kean and Senator Burton are the only two Senators who part their hair in the middle, and——"

"And did you miss the amendment to the treaty with the Crow Indians?" queried the Senator amusedly.

"I must have, as I do not recall it," said I.

"It brought down the house," said the Senator. "When the treaty had been read Frye asked:

"'Is there any amendment offered?'

"'One committee amendment,' whispered the clerk.

"'The committee amendment will be reported,' said Frye solemnly.

"Amid the utmost silence the clerk read:

"'Strike out "two jackasses" and insert "one horse."'"

At the same dinner, General C——, apropos of an allusion to the White House, asked:

"Have you seen the portraits of the ladies of the White House, done by Monsieur Chartran?"

After a moment of silence there came in varied intonations from each guest a weary "Yes."

"Well," said I, "they are not in the least likenesses of either Mrs. Roosevelt or Miss Alice, and I for one shall be sorry to see the one of the first lady in the land ever hung up in the White House to go down to posterity as the true Mrs. Roosevelt."

"What does the President himself think of them?" asked Senator P——.

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"Oh!" said I, "the President complimented the fine lustre the artist has painted up on the black silk cloak worn in the picture and even admired the hue of the lining, but the little glint that came from behind his eyeglasses was like a nod to the wise. Why on earth this artist should think that a portrait can be painted in only four hours passes me."

"Perhaps," put in Robert flippantly, "he had never heard of the Russian proverb that hurry is good only for catching flies!"

"Ah!" said Mr. Morelos, "no one is pleased, not even the artist's own compatriots. A friend of mine who belongs to the French Embassy, in looking at these two vases, said: 'My countryman evidently has never heard of the saying among our French peasants that "haste never yet learned the master's trade," for neither of these portraits represents in the least the gracious ladies of the White House. They seem to be sketchy shadowy pictures, such as are seen on the lids of handkerchief boxes.'

"'Well," said General C——, "it will soon be up to the French Ambassador, Cambon, to present these portraits to the nation, if report be true."

And up to the President to reply suitably and he'll do it, too, all right," said Robert. Then he went on: "I am reminded of the time last fall when the President went up to New Haven to receive the degree from Yale. President Hadley escorted him to the hall where the exercises were to take place, and on the way there he said to the President, noticing that he was rather silent:

'Mr. President, you need not respond or make any speech, if you do not wish, when the degree is awarded.'

"'All right,' responded the President.

"And so it seemed to be settled in the mind of President Hadley that the President of the United States really would not speak and the exercises proceeded. Just before the time drew on for the conferring of the special honors or degrees the President leaned forward from his chair and tweaked Hadley by the sleeve and said in one of his whispers with which all of us who frequent the executive office of the White House are so familiar:

"'It's all right, Hadley; I've just thought of what I'll say.'

"And so," continued Robert, "it's dollars to doughnuts that the President has already thought of what he'll say when Cambon presents those portraits."

They are telling about town," said Mrs. Blank, "that one of the President's cousins was running him the other day on the drawbacks that attend being President, and saying that the only one that he would subscribe to was the perpetual frock coat."

"Yes," said Robert feelingly, "it must be a grind to have to be tricked out in a tail coat perpetually and always to be helped first at table."

Just at this point, as though after a mention of the President it were the natural thing to follow with a mention of the Lieutenant General of the Army, we reverted to the automobile parade which General Miles had led.

General C—— said with keen relish: "The General whizzed by in his automobile as serene as though it were a case of where 'the King hath *wasted* all his rods on late offenders.'

"Oh, well, the General has probably already digested the coming afflictions; sometimes a rod becomes more mocked than feared," said Senator Blank. "I thought," he continued, "that the automobiles made a good showing when they lined up in front of the Capitol and saluted Congress."

"Yes," said I, "and you Members and Senators rushed out hatless on the steps like a lot of schoolboys when the circus goes by. For my part I think those big, heavy automobiles, like Senator Clark of Montana's famous ten thousand-dollar 'French flyer,' are about as graceful and tuneful, as to outline and sound, as Indiana sawmills would be if they trundled over our streets. I thought the gayest thing in sight that day was Minister Wu and his wife in their runabout."

"Do not forget, Madam," said Mr. Morelos gallantly, "to include among the charming autoists who make gay the streets of the capital the Countess Cassini, Madam Wilde, of the Argentine Legation, and the young Madam Blaine."

"Automobiles," interposed Robert just here, in a grumbling tone, for Robert does not take kindly to new methods of doing things, "may be all very well, but I agree with that old duffer who said that for everything given something is taken away. Civilized man has built a coach, but he has lost the use of his feet; he has a fine Geneva watch, but he cannot tell the hour by the sun."

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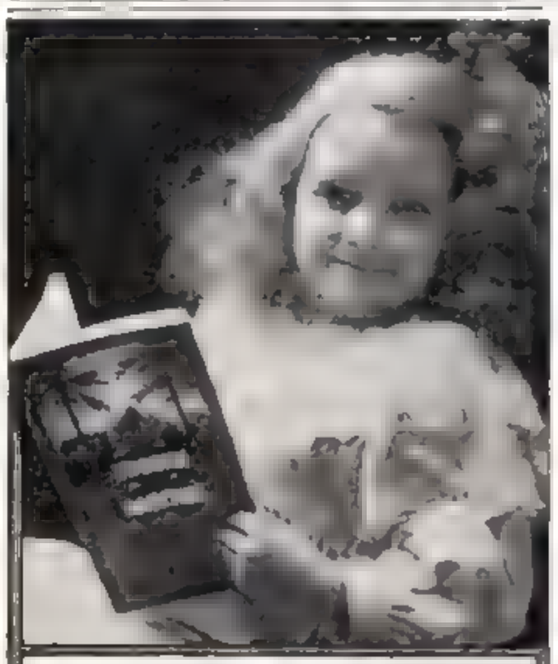

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A GIRL OF THE LATIN QUARTER

(Concluded from Page 4)

of her support, seemed on the eve of failing her. That merciless silent, determined man—would he go without a sign, without a word, and pass out of her life forever? Could she be so bold as to stop him, to hold out the olive branch with her trembling hand, to show at the last the faltering colors of her surrender? Would he not see, in his perversity, only another of her traps, another proof of her coquettishness, a fresh vindication of his own detestable opinion of her?

She passed over the bridge and beyond to the shaded road. She walked slowly, trailing the tip of her parasol in the dust. "*Les convictions des arts*," she repeated to herself, and wondered whether any clay or bronze or marble had power to stifle regret or longing in a woman's bosom. She thought of her own summer's work, and, dear as it was to her, satisfying as it was in its undeniable advance on anything she had ever before attempted, what was it, after all, in the comparison?

Her heart failed her, when at last, turning at the sound of footsteps, she perceived the two engineers on their way homeward from Montcour. Her first instinct was one of shame; her second a tumultuous anger. Her eyes flashed as de Broussard saluted her, and she could scarcely speak as Monsieur Clut was introduced, and it was taken apparently for granted, that they should all return to the inn together. Walking between the two she was the recipient for a few moments of their undivided, if somewhat perfunctory, attention; and then de Broussard, apologizing for troubling her with business, resumed his interrupted conversation with his *confrère*. It was all about the aqueduct: the nature of the work yet to be done; the points that needed particular attention; the pending subcontracts; the unsatisfactory nature of the last steel delivery; an interminable and technical harangue in what to Leslie was an unknown language. De Broussard talked with intense earnestness, with the utter absorption of a man completely master of his subject; he was making his engineering will, and his heir, the young man with the eye-glasses, respectfully asked questions and took notes.

The conversation continued up to the inn.

"*Tout*, Monsieur Clut, *nous sommes finis*!" exclaimed de Broussard.

"Well done," said Clut, looking at his watch. "You are within seven minutes of your departure."

"You must pardon me for having seemed so discourteous," said de Broussard, turning to Leslie.

She made a deprecatory gesture.

Clut looked at her sharply, and from her again to his superior. Then he took out a cigar and slipped away into the tap-room for a match. He was a Frenchman of perception.

"Monsieur de Broussard," said Leslie quickly, "won't you come into my studio and see my work before you go? It also is finished."

"I congratulate you," said the engineer, rising and following her.

She led him in silence across the court, unlocked the door and ushered him in. The bare, cold room, with its chill centrepiece of draped clay, offered a forbidding contrast to the bright day outside.

"Sit down," said Leslie, drawing up a chair. He did so.

Leslie went up to the group, carefully unwrapped the wet sheets, moved to one side and stealthily regarded him.

"It is good," he said.

Their eyes met. He saw the tears running down her face; saw, too, though he knew not why, that she was holding a heavy mallet in her hand. Before he could expostulate, before it even dawned on him what she was about to do, he saw her swing the thing round her pretty head and dash her work to fragments. He cried out; he ran and tried to stop her; he caught her by the wrists. But hercely freeing herself she sent the clay crashing to the floor under repeated blows.

"There," she said, throwing down the mallet. "I have learned your lesson. To-morrow I return to America."

In another instant she found herself clasped in his arms, with her head lying against his breast, panting and crying under his kisses.

There was a knock at the door which neither heard, and Clut entered hastily. He stood transfixed on the threshold.

"Dear Clut," said de Broussard, still with one arm round Leslie's waist, "Congratulate me! This adorable young lady has just consented to be my wife!"

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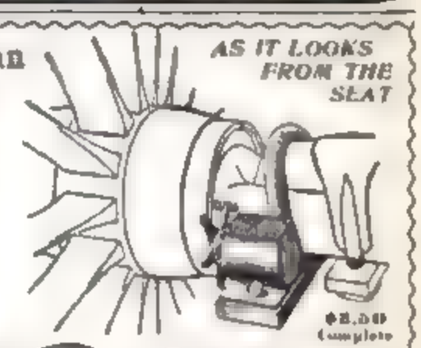

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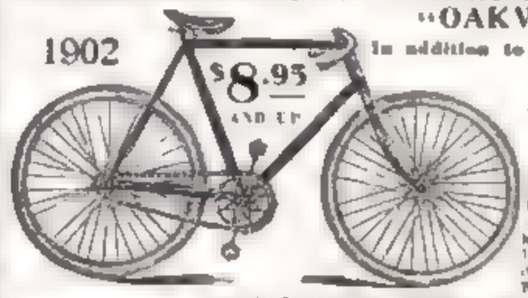

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Men & Women of the Hour

MR. ROBERT B. ARMSTRONG

MR. ROBERT B. ARMSTRONG who has just been appointed private secretary to Honorable Leslie M Shaw, Secretary of the Treasury is responsible for a novel use of the telephone

Not long ago he went to Kansas City on business for a newspaper with which he was connected. Having completed his work he boarded a train, ready to return to Chicago. There were several minutes to spare, and suddenly he found that it was important for him to communicate with a man uptown

He searched the station for a telephone, but all in vain. None was near enough to be available in the time he had to spare. He gave up the attempt, but as he was being whirled back to Chicago in an observation car, surrounded by books, periodicals, writing materials and practically every comfort of a club, he wondered why a telephone had never been installed on the palatial limited trains—especially in terminals and at stations where long stops were made

The idea appealed to him as a feasible one. He was so impressed with it that on his arrival at Chicago he suggested it to a traffic official of one of the great Western roads—an intimate friend. The railroad man immediately put the suggestion into effect, and now that particular railroad is gaining renown as the only one which equips its trains with telephones

Good Cheer for the Poor

For many years the new First Assistant Postmaster-General, Mr. Robert J. Wynne, has been a newspaper correspondent at the National Capital. Few men have a wider acquaintance

"The meanest man I ever knew," said Mr. Wynne, "was a money lender. There was a hard winter in the city I lived in. The leading men of the community were called together to devise methods of relief. First a banquet was served, and after generous champagne had, as was supposed, warmed up the reluctant sympathies of even the most conservative persons present, the chairman of the evening rose to make a speech

"He contrasted the unlimited cheer they had enjoyed with the pitiful hunger of the poor. His language was direct, and the picture he drew was bringing benevolent tears to the eyes of the assembly, when the money lender I referred to arose

"Said he: 'I have been sincerely touched by the language of the chairman, and I therefore propose that we, the assembled capitalists of the city, give three cheers for the poor of our community'"

The Gridiron Club of Washington, composed of newspaper correspondents, is famous for its annual dinners, at which its eminent guests are subjected to searching though amiable satire

For several years Mr. Wynne has been a leading provoker of mirth at these satiric banquets. He is peculiarly apt at ironical interruption of speakers.

On one occasion a celebrated statesman, who had just been defeated in a contest for a Cabinet portfolio, rose to make a few remarks

"I feel at home," he began, "among journalists, for I have spent a great deal of time on Newspaper Row."

"The trouble with our defeated friend," interposed Mr. Wynne, "is that he never spent anything else there."

A Rising Jay Attorney

No more disconcerting mistake was ever made by a presiding officer than that made by the chairman of the meeting before which Mr. William Jennings Bryan made his first appearance as a political speaker

During the course of an Illinois State campaign a meeting was held in Jacksonville at which speeches were expected from Judge Springer, of Illinois, and General X——. The General did not appear, and during Judge Springer's speech the local committeemen put their heads together to devise a means of filling out the program. Young Bryan, who had recently graduated from Illinois College,

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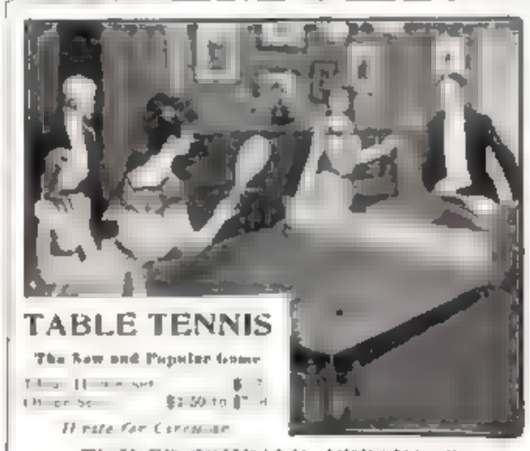
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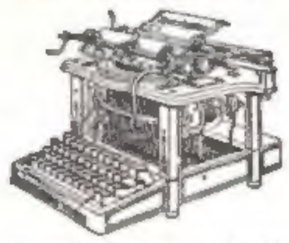

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situated in Jacksonville, and who had won considerable fame as a college orator and had settled down in the town to the practice of law, was hastily seen and agreed to speak.

The chairman was a nervous individual, unused to appearing before the public.

"How shall I introduce you?" he inquired.

"Oh," said Mr. Bryan, "just call me William J. Bryan."

"It would be proper," suggested a more experienced committeeman, "to add 'a rising attorney of Jacksonville.'"

Accordingly, during the next few minutes the chairman was observed to be repeating to himself: "William J. Bryan, a rising attorney of Jacksonville." When Judge Springer had finished, the chairman arose and said:

"Fellow-Citizens, we regret that General X—— has failed to reach us this afternoon. In his place, however, we shall be entertained for a few moments—a few moments—by William Rising Bryan, a jay attorney of Jacksonville."

It is said that Mr. Bryan, even in that early and inexperienced day, was in nowise disconcerted, but turned the badly tangled introduction into a good-humored preface to a felicitous speech.

The Daring of Doctor Wood

GEN. WOOD IN 1884

THE accompanying portrait of General Leonard Wood, Governor-General of Cuba, dates back to 1884. General Wood was at that time a recent graduate of the Harvard Medical School, and held the position of interne in a Boston hospital. In those days he had not learned the lesson of military obedience. A born leader and a surgeon by nature, he chafed under the strict hospital rules and the red tape that he considered useless.

In the fall of 1884 a number of patients requiring the operation of tracheotomy came to the hospital. Doctor Wood was ambitious to perform these operations. By the rules of the institution, however, upon the admission to the hospital of a case requiring immediate operation, the interne was obliged to send immediately for the visiting surgeon to perform the operation.

One day a frantic mother brought to the hospital her only child, who was suffocating from membranous croup. Examination showed that to wait for the surgeon whose business it was to operate on the case might cost the little one's life. This was the opportunity for which Doctor Wood had longed. He immediately ordered preparations made for the operation and began upon his task with the greatest care, but with the fearlessness which has since characterized his military operations.

The incision carefully made, the trachea was opened and the double silver tube was inserted and fixed in place. The agonized little patient was immediately relieved, and began to breathe easily.

The mother was pouring out heartfelt thanks to the Doctor when the surgeon, to whom the case properly belonged, came in. He took in the situation at a glance; and Doctor Wood's explanation, that in the delay of waiting for his arrival the child's life might have been sacrificed, was received with frigid silence.

The surgeon would brook no invasion of his domain, and would permit no defiance of rules: Doctor Wood had offended in both particulars, but considered himself justified in so doing, and would make no apology. He was therefore suspended, and later discharged from the hospital service; but he had the satisfaction of feeling that his operation was successful and that he had saved a human life.

Knee-Deep in Kansas

Mr. Eugene F. Ware, the new Commissioner of Pensions, who over the name of "Ironquill" long ago established his reputation as a wit and writer of verse, has been much interested for years in the condition of roads in his adopted State of Kansas.

Recently Mr. R. W. Richardson, Secretary of the National Good Roads Association, who is preparing to take a Good Roads Construction Train across the Continent, said to Mr. Ware:

"How do the farmers in Kansas stand on the road question?"

"Up to their knees," was the reply.

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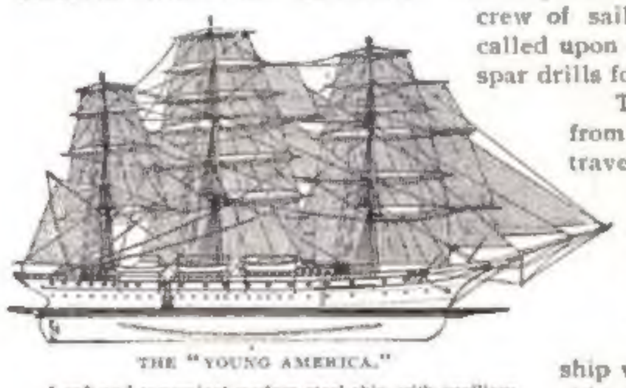

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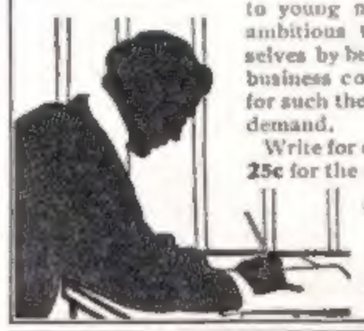

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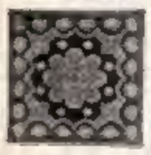

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DODD, MEAD & COMPANY, New York City

WITH MALICE AFORETHOUGHT

(Continued from Page 7)

and followed in his rear at a little distance, because it was known that Shorty had been found shot from behind. The Virginian gained a position soon where no one could come at him except from in front; and the sight of the mountains was almost more than he could endure, because it was there that he had been going to-morrow.

"It is quite a while after sunset," he heard himself say.

A wind seemed to blow his sleeve off his arm, and he replied to it, and saw Trampas pitch forward. He saw Trampas raise his arm from the ground, and fall again, and lie there this time, still. A little smoke was rising from the pistol on the ground, and he looked at his own, and saw the smoke flowing upward out of it.

"I expect that's all," he said aloud.

But as he came nearer Trampas he covered him with his weapon. He stopped a moment, seeing the hand on the ground move. Two fingers twitched, and then ceased; for it was all. The Virginian stood looking down at Trampas.

"Both of mine hit," he said once more aloud. "His must have gone mighty close to my arm. I told her it would not be me."

He had scarcely noticed that he was being surrounded and congratulated. His hand was being shaken, and he saw that it was Scipio in tears. Scipio's joy made his heart like lead within him. He was near telling his friend everything; but he did not.

"If anybody wants me about this," he said, "I will be at the hotel."

"Who'll want you?" said Scipio. "Three of us saw his gun out." And he vented his admiration: "You were that cool!—that quick!"

"I'll see you boys again," said the Virginian heavily, and he walked away.

Scipio looked after him, astonished. "Yu' might suppose he was ashamed of himself," he said to McLean.

The Virginian walked back to the hotel and stood on the threshold of his sweetheart's room. Her lips were parted, and her eyes were fixed upon him, nor did she move or speak.

"I have killed Trampas," said he.

"Oh, thank God!" she said; and he found her in his arms.

Long they embraced without speaking, and what they whispered then with their kisses matters not.

Thus did her New England conscience fight to the end, and, at the last, capitulate to Love. And the next day, with the Bishop's blessing and the ring on her finger, the Virginian and his bride departed upon their horses into the mountains.

(THE END)

Hills of Tiny Gems

THE Colorado Desert is a level plain of clay, relieved here and there by hills of sand. It was formerly the bottom of a great shallow lake, the rocky banks of which still remain in the shape of stony cliffs that bear the ancient water-marks upon them. It is an arid wonderland.

The hills described are not stationary, but travel constantly, though slowly, journeying over the plain as the winds direct. The sand of which they are composed is not of the ordinary kind, but of a nature marvelous. Most of the grains are transparent, others are translucent, while many are of rainbow hues, being, in fact, small gems of red carnelian, green chrysolite, and vari-colored garnet. Seen beneath a microscope, most of them are perfect spheres, rounded and polished by attrition with each other. Composed of these strange materials, the sand-hills look like great snowdrifts, with here and there a gleam of color. Continually they give forth a rustling sound, as the tiny spheres are shifted by the winds, rolling slowly onward.

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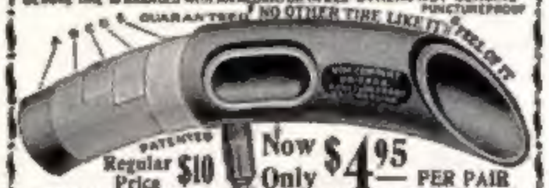

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The Ornithologist and the Ichthyologist

By Charles Battell Loomis

AN ORNITHOLOGIST invited an ichthyologist to walk in the woods with him, and the ornithologist said: "I suppose you know that the crow——"

"I know nothing about birds."

"But surely you have heard that the cuckoo——"

"I do not know a hawk from a handsaw, I am sorry to say."

"Yes, but you surely have heard so common a thing as the fact that the swallow never——"

"My friend, I know less than nothing about birds."

They finished their walk, and the ornithologist went home and said to his wife:

"The man with whom I walked to-day in the woods is woefully ignorant. How can a man go through life with so little knowledge of the things about him?"

The next day the ichthyologist invited the ornithologist to walk along the sea-cliffs with him.

So they walked together, and on the cliffs a doltish fellow was standing.

"Good-morning," they said to him, but he only stared at them, open-mouthed.

"A fool!" cried both.

And the ichthyologist said to the ornithologist: "Of course you know that the blue fish of these waters——"

"I know nothing about fish."

"But surely you have heard that the swordfish——"

"I would not know a cod from a kid, I am sorry to say."

"Yes, but you surely have heard so common a thing as the fact that a porpoise never——"

"My friend, I know less than nothing about fish."

At this point the ichthyologist was so impressed by his friend's ignorance of common things that he did not mind his steps and fell off the cliffs into the sea, and not knowing how to swim he called to his friend for help.

"Alas, I do not know how to swim," said the ornithologist.

"More of his ignorance," said the ichthyologist as he went down for the second time.

But the dolt had been watching, open-eyed, and he plunged into the sea and swimming out to the ichthyologist he saved him.

MORAL.—Each one of us has his special brand of ignorance.

The Black Sheep

By Carolyn Wells

THE Black Sheep is a beast that all should shun;
He has no fleece, yet fleeces every one.
Though without horns, oft with a horn he's seen;
Though not a lamb, he gambles on the green.
Perhap he's not a sheep (as some suggest),
But a grim wolf who's in sheep's clothing dressed.

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